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VOGUE

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YOU AND THE CLOTHES AND THE COLOURS

NIFTY LEGS AND FEET

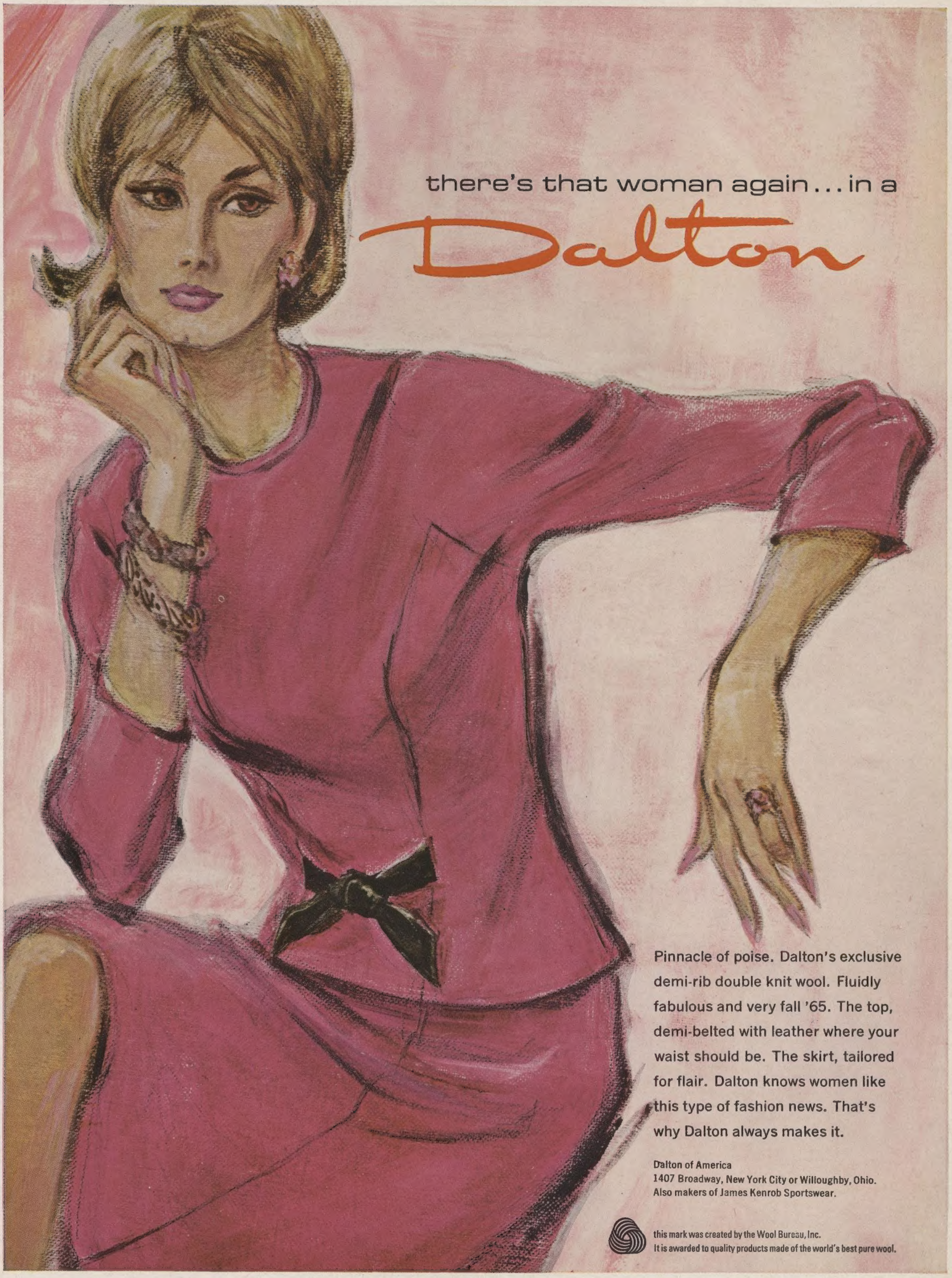
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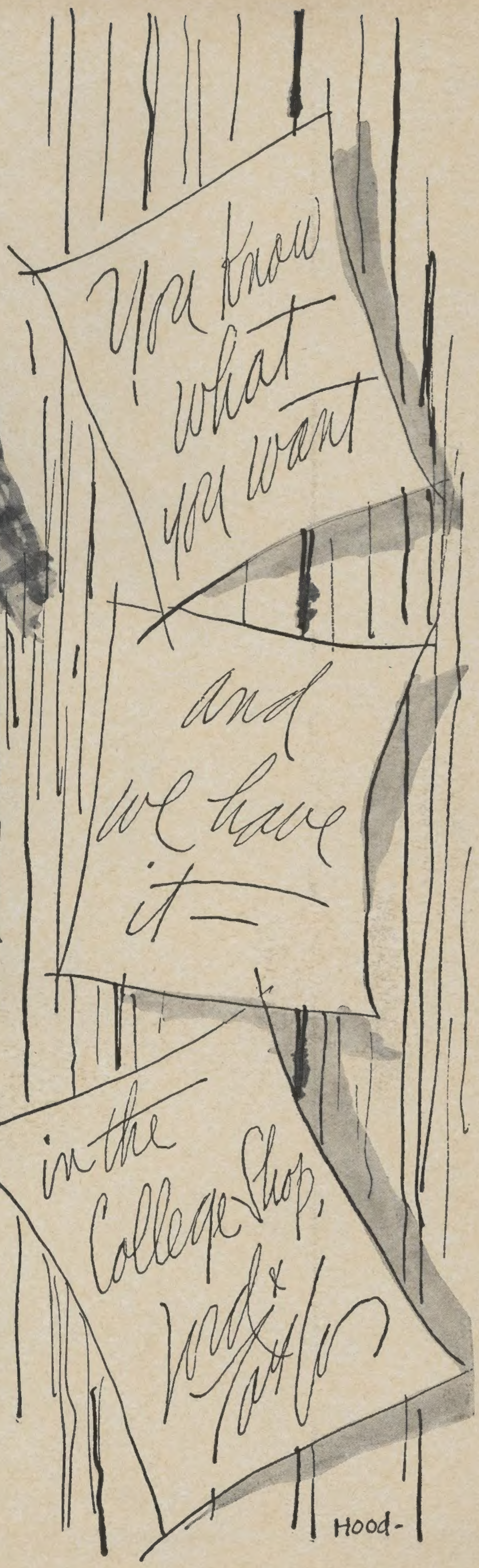
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AUGUST 15, 1965

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VOGUE

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PENN

COVER: This autumn's evening beauty—fantaisie captivated in a gilded cage . . . unplaited pigtails dropped past the cheeks . . . voyant bogus diamonds—one yellow, one white—wrapped from knuckle to knuckle. On the lips, pink shimmering through the gold—Pink Jade UltraLucent Creme lipstick iced with Strawberry Meringue Lip Frosting. Both by Max Factor. Halston cage . . . a veiling of gilded mesh. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Ring by Joseph Warner. Coiffure caged by Kenneth.

FASHION

59 Vogue's eye view: the year of the body—continued
66 The fabrics that make the new autumn clothes; the colours revving up now
72 Brilliant neutral: Pucci's stained-glass handbag
74 Revved up for autumn—the new clothes from California
92 Folie Désertique—two Paris beauties in Egypt
104 Fashion for nifty legs and feet; shoes that walk right into the future
116 Bargains in chic: 8 pages of real fashion finds
124 Vogue Patterns: the smallest suit; the dirndl costume
126 The knit shirt—a natural with hip-slung pants

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

34 Private Line from London. By Virginia Cowles
73 Rhodes . . . Julius Caesar Cut Classes. By George Bradshaw
90 People Are Talking About . . . Jacques Demy, Agnès Varda, and Rosalie . . .
91 Daniel Filipacchi
98 Washington Code: Zip
130 Iran, a Land of Superlatives—Pushing into the Future
135 Iran—Its Magic, Its Imperial Family, the Drama of Its Crown Jewels. By Lesley Blanch

FASHIONS IN LIVING

140 A Second Fame: Good Food—Jean Schlumberger. By Ninette Lyon

BEAUTY

44 Beauty Checkout
60 Straight talk about hormones from a famous doctor: a whole life instead of half a life
112 Beauty Bulletin: new haircuts—Audrey Hepburn's coupe infante; the word from Kenneth

DEPARTMENTS

46 Vogue's Notebook: In Newport, the Wedding of Miss Ames W. Crawford and Mr. Thomas G. Cushing
48 Vogue's Notebook: *Bis, Bis,* in Washington, for the Opera Ball
50 Vogue's Notebook: Books. By Jean Stafford
51 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Susan Sontag
52 Vogue's Notebook: Movies. By Elizabeth Hardwick
57 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, Observations
143 Prix de Paris: Vogue's talent search for college girls
150 Vogue's Shop Hound

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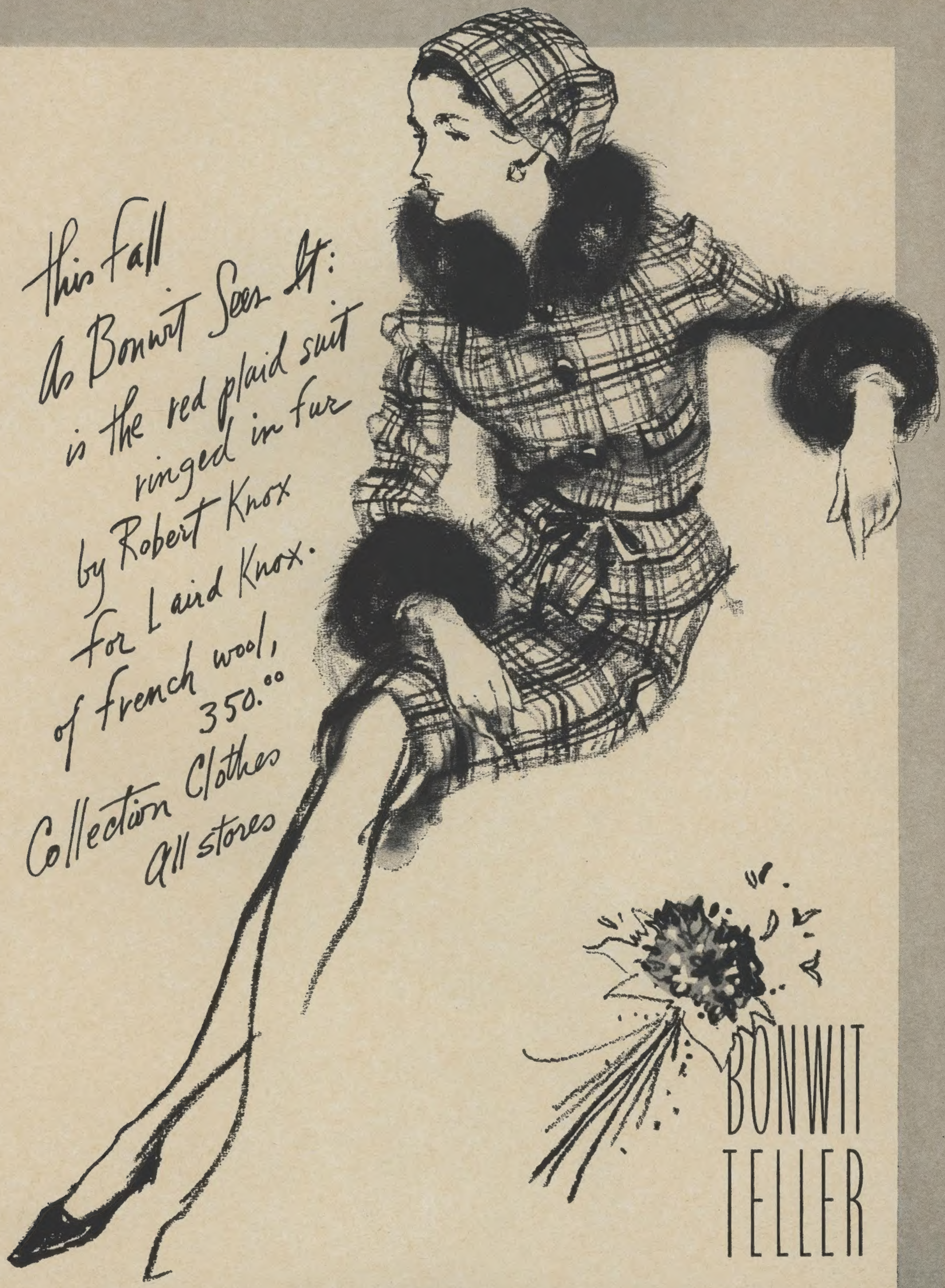
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"Ahh. They're here. Luscious. Elegant. Great. Great shoes.
These. Palizzio. A gorgeous golden pump.
Should I have my hair colored to match? And red. He adores me in red.
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A Fashion Affair with Palizzio and CORFAM*

at Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Nordstrom's, Seattle; Joseph Antell, Boston.
Strapped pump in red napped CORFAM, about $25; Pump in golden napped CORFAM, with French faille trim, about $27.



"Tomorrow? No. Today. The fresh-from-Paris suit.
The lovely grey. Pin on a perfect camellia.
Wear I. Miller's perfect grey sandals. Camellia soft. Or. Go black. Chic stark black
head to toe. Black pumps. Love the little bow. Vampish. Marvelous."

A Fashion Affair with I. Miller and CORFAM

at I. Miller Shoe Salons, New York, Chicago and Dallas; Guild House in Boston; Bonwit Teller in Philadelphia ; Harzfeld's, Kansas City.
Sandal of pale gray napped CORFAM, about $32; Pump of smooth black CORFAM, about $32. Stockings of Du Pont CANTRECE™ Nylon.



"Adorable Won Ton. Sweet little pug nose. Shall I take you walking in these dashing gold-green slingbacks? Toe so round and smooth. Like you. Soft like you too. Can't resist. Can't resist Newton Elkin's red shoe either. Delicious red. Spanish red. Olé!"

A Fashion Affair with Newton Elkin and CORFAM

at Lord & Taylor, New York; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh; Sakowitz, Houston; Robinson's, California.

Closed-toe sandal, in olive-gold napped CORFAM, about $32; Bow-toed pump in wine-red napped CORFAM, about $30. Stockings of Du Pont CANTRECE™ Nylon.



"Chinchilla to lunch? Dare I? Yes.
And Delman's divine black pump. Delicate strap. Low heel. Heavenly.
Heavenly with chinchilla. Now. The mink-colored pumps.
Fur-soft. Fur-beautiful. Must have new polo coat. In mink. To match. Must."

A Fashion Affair with Delman and CORFAM

at Delman at Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Elizabeth Arden, Beverly Hills; Sakowitz, Houston; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Nan Duskin, Philadelphia; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington.
Mid-low heeled shoe, in black napped CORFAM; Buckled pump in mink-brown napped CORFAM. Georges Kaplan furs.



"Superb. Shoes by D'Antonio. Like jewels.
Pick a jewel of a shoe. A shoe that's the color of topaz.
Pick an onyx-black shoe with a bracelet strap. Wear with pearls.
Rubies. Sapphires. Emeralds. Wear with all."

A Fashion Affair with D'Antonio and CORFAM

at Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Robinson's, California.

High-strapped shoe in smooth black CORFAM, satin trim, about $30; Topaz-colored shoe in smooth CORFAM with faille midriff, about $30. David Webb jewels.



"Mmmmmm. Soft as me. Fantastic.
Julianelli's shoes are soft. Exciting. Op art buckle exciting.
Must collect op art. Must collect op art shoe. And this one too.
Golden and glorious. Must collect all these fabulous shoes!"

A Fashion Affair with Julianelli and CORFAM

at Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Lord & Taylor, New York; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Famous Barr, St. Louis; Himelhoch's, Detroit; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Joseph Horne Co., Pittsburgh.
Op art pump in black napped CORFAM, about $36; Strapped spectator in golden napped CORFAM, lizard trim, about $40.



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Lingerie nailing down the blouse problem

A wisp of pantie-girdle, slick of blouse



You see the end, above, of blouses that ride up under hip-slung skirts. The problem solver here is a sleek little blouse skimming pink-and-white stripes to the hips, where it turns into the tiniest nude pantie girdle. Looks smashing, we think, disappearing into a low-riding skirt like the one below. Blouse-pantie-girdle by Venus, of Creslan and nylon, pantie of Lycra. $22.50. Saks Fifth Avenue.



HORST

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

How several hairs achieved character

She had character but her hair had none. As a matter of fact, if her voice had the right timbre, she would have looked just right on the Late Late show with her flat-lying, ill-tempered pageboy. Her hairdresser suggested a conditioner and she spent some time under the heat cap, after which the conditioner was washed out. This did lovely things for her, but our friend is an impatient sort so this procedure did not take place too often. Indeed it ceased in no time at all. . . . Then, just a few days ago, her hairdresser presented her with a small white tube, with a rose and a gentle name printed on it: Kindness from Clairol. Kindness required no heat cap; it asked only to be swirled through shampooed, towel-dried hair. No rinsing, Kindness stayed there, performing its obviously excellent services right through to next shampoo. Kindness is, by its constitution, entitled to use this magic word in hair preparations: protein. "Instant Protein Hair Conditioner" it calls itself. Protein is what little hairs are made of, principally, so it follows that protein, added to hair, should put some spine in spineless hair. . . . It followed in the case of our friend; not only seemed to give her hair spunk, but acted as a setting aid, too. And perhaps the most significant thing about it, as far as her character went: its application didn't addle one of her nerves.

Brushmanship, eye shadow department

With the advent of the brush-on eye shadow and the soaring state of esteem they're enjoying for eye-sculpture work, the brushes involved are getting spotlighted, studied, compared. Brush must handle well, scoop up a nice big bunch of colour, lay it down smoothly, thickly, evenly. Something about the balance of the brush and the way its hair is cut seems to make all the difference in application. Maybelline's Ultra-Shadow has come along now accompanied by just such a creatively-constructed brush. Other highly satisfactory references for Ultra-Shadow are the colours of the pressed powder: an amber brown and a grey are included, along with a fine white for underbrow and eye corner detailing. One-upman-ship brushmanship practically guaranteed. . . .

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FASHION FINDS A NEW SHOWCASE IN DALLAS

A new showcase for upbeat fashion and this dress has it . . . the narrow funnel with long cigarette sleeves. Sylvia de Gay designs for Robert Sloan in packable Dupont ORLON® acrylic knit. Olive with pink, 8 to 14, 55.00. Plus, the special snap of cobra and suede by Palter Debs. Subtle strap-ery, swish tie, new neutrals or black, 20.00

SANGER HARRIS

FASHION ASSERTS ITSELF IN INTERIOR DESIGN THROUGHOUT SANGER-HARRIS' FIVE FLOORS OF SHOPPING EXCITEMENT. JUST ONE ILLUMINATING EXAMPLE: A MULTI-TIERED CRYSTAL CHANDELIER, NEW DRAMA IN A CLASSIC EXPRESSION, DISTINGUISHES AN ALTOGETHER FEMININE SERIES OF STREET LEVEL SHOPS.

FASHION FINDS A NEW SHOWCASE IN DALLAS

A new showcase that reflects the pulse beat of fashion. Here, Carl Naftal's small, shaped bodice and dirndl skirt of carefree Dupont ORLON® acrylic hopsacking. Sweet grape, bristol blue or emerald. 8 to 20, 30.00. And, the prophetic shoe: Palter Debs soft shape of black kid with cartwheel toe, buckled strap and museum heel, 21.00

SANGER HARRIS



FASHION LETS ITSELF GO — RELEASING ALL ITS POWERS OF WIT, CHARM, IMAGINATION AND GAIETY — IN SANGER-HARRIS' STORE OF SHOPS. BOUTIQUES, SALONS, BAZAARS OFFER SURPRISE AND DELIGHT AT EVERY TURN. IN THE HEART OF DOWNTOWN DALLAS, SANGER-HARRIS' NEW STORE MAKES HEARTS BEAT FASTER.

Feet first



T-strapped sandal, *above*, black toe rounded, heel stacked. Everything else is beige kidskin open on a black-and-white plaid stocking. Customcraft shoes. About $24. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Cameo stretch nylon stockings, $2. Bloomingdale's.

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Celanese Acetate gives fashionable flair, elegant beauty and pure luxury to crepe.
Miss Elliette of California dreamed up this sophisticated cocktail dress. In Hargro's crepe of *Celanese Acetate and rayon*. Blue, pink, black, violet, green. Sizes 8 to 16. About $30.
At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; Bullock's Santa Ana, California; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D. C.; Joseph Magnin Co., Calif. & Nevada; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago.

Acetate...a Celanese contemporary fiber

The Everything Goes bag rain or shine

All-weather bags built for full loads



Above: Camel-coloured Everything Goes bag—wide-mouthed, zipped on the slant. It could start the day empty, end up full, carry anything you want to keep close at hand—from magazines to a change of shoes. By Apex, of rainy-day-proof vinyl. About $3. *Below:* Deep-brown vinyl bag with the look of elephant hide about it—opens and shuts over just about anything. Jaclyn. $6. Macy's.



TAD WAKAMATSU

Private Line from London

By Virginia Cowles

This is the month when Scotland and the north of England come into their own: the grouse-shooting season opens on August twelfth. Grouse shooting is regarded here as the most exciting and skillful sport performed with a gun. The red grouse (a bird unknown in America) is about the size of a bantam, has furry legs, and feeds on heather. It flies very fast and manoeuvres impressively, sometimes skimming along the top of the heather, sometimes soaring into the sky well above the range of the guns.

Grouse shooting takes place in wildly beautiful country, but has the drawback of being a wildly expensive pastime. The Duke of Roxburghe always rents a moor, Millden, from the Earl of Dalhousie who owns over 100,000 acres of Scottish soil. Roxburghe pays $25,000 for the moor and probably as much again for the cost of operating the shoot. One American always has a gun at Millden: Mr. Herbert Scheftel who, with his brother, "Boy," played golf for Oxford in the late twenties.

Also giving shooting parties this month are the Dukes of Devonshire and Buccleuch, the Earls of Sefton and Airlie, the Cowdrays, Astors, and Stirlings. The head of the famous Stirling clan is Mr. William Stirling, a breathtaking character six feet five inches tall. He has a big Georgian house, Keir, in the centre of Scotland where he entertains throughout August and September.

The rest of the year he flies all over the world prospecting for oil and contracting to build roads and bridges. His vitality is such that he thinks nothing of flying to San Francisco for a two-hour business meeting or to his holiday house on the slopes of Kilimanjaro for the weekend.

The only criticism I have ever heard of Mr. Stirling is of his inability to feel any change in the temperature. Sometimes, when the weather turns nasty, English visitors sit in the Stirling drawing room at Keir, huddled in overcoats, while their host strides about happily in a kilt and singlet. Mr. Stirling's wife, Susan, who does not shoot, raises falcons and often appears at lunch with one perched on her arm.

Women who shoot are a rarity in Britain. The men discourage them. "Too slow," the men say of them, "too dangerous." However a few women have managed to establish themselves as serious shots. One of the best in the country is the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire who always shoots at her husband's estate at Bolton Abbey. A newcomer to the sport is Lady Antonia Fraser, a sister-in-law of Lord Lovat.

Women are never allowed on the moors in bright clothes for fear of frightening the birds; tweed skirts which blend into the background are still *de rigueur.* The participation of most women is limited to the daily picnic lunch on the moors; to my mind this is the best part of shooting. Heather is unbelievable stuff: beautiful to look at, intoxicating to smell, and more comfortable to lie on than the best feather bed. Furthermore, traditional shooting fare is unbeatable—hot meat patties, jam puffs with thick cream, white port.

Speaking of food. . . . Despite the Labour Government's abolition of tax allowances for entertainment expenses, expensive restaurants such as the Savoy Grill and the Mirabelle seem almost as crowded as ever.



Red navy houndstooth dress and belted jacket, jersey trimmed

THE ELEGANCE OF Helga



Red slubbed silk cocktail dress with swinging skirt, jewel buttoned



Deep pink taffeta brocade dinner dress, slim and side wrapped

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it's Riegel



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The shoe with the beautiful fit

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SUEDE AND LEATHER REFER TO UPPERS.

Alka-Seltzer® On The Rocks

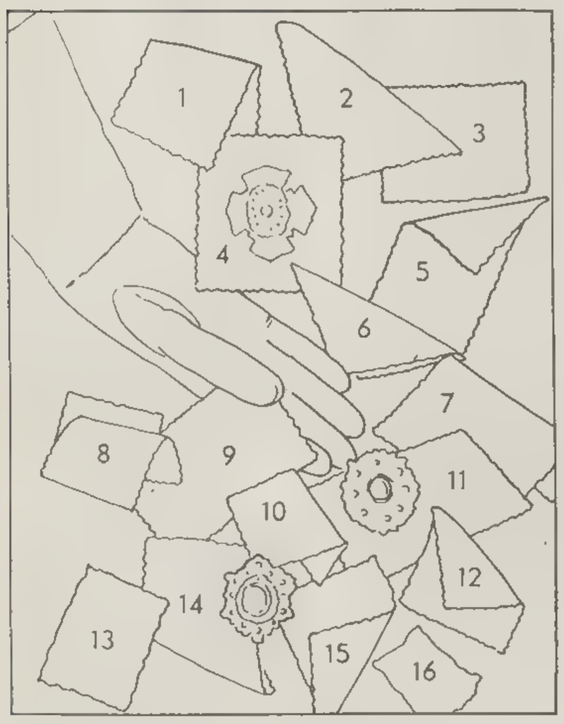


Pour a little water into an old fashioned glass. Add 2 Alka-Seltzers. Count to 10. Add chunks of ice. Add more water if you prefer. Then add a slice of lime. You've got Alka-Seltzer On The Rocks and it is great. It doesn't taste like Alka-Seltzer. More like a melted iceberg. Even cold, Alka-Seltzer relieves upset stomach, indigestion and headaches better than anything you can buy without a prescription. Anything. Next time . . . try it On The Rocks.

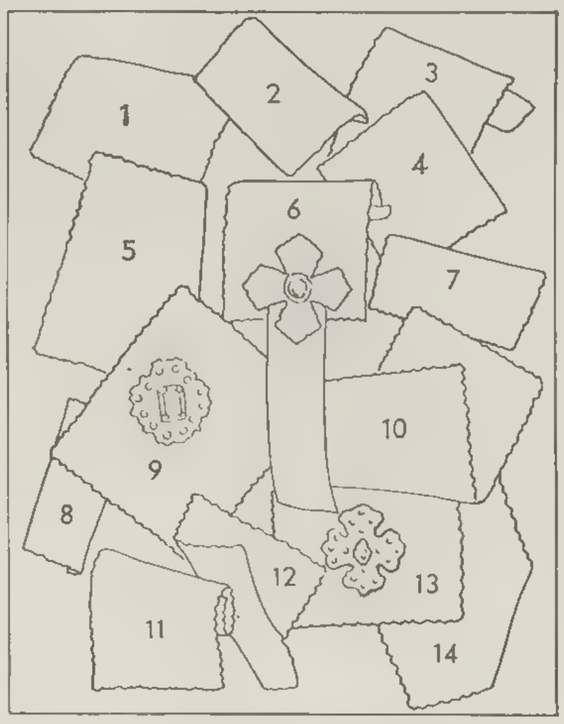
Summer Upset? Cool it!

Looming large

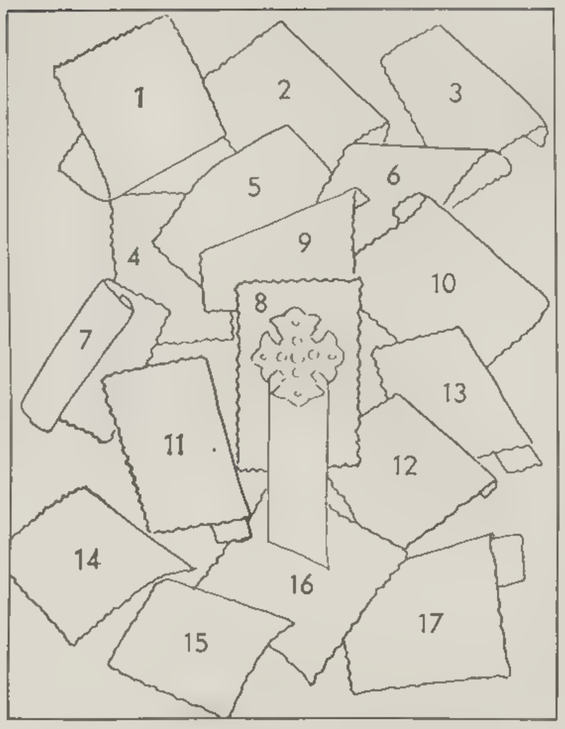
(Details about fabrics on pages 66, 69, 70)



THE IVORY COLLECTION (page 66). This autumn's ivory collection, moving into cheese, baby camel. Fabrics: smooth, dry, firm.
1. Dry crêpe-surfaced wool in heathery beige. By Bellaine.
2. Double-faced coating: tight ivory twill plaided in brown, cheese, baby camel; backed with bitter-brown. Of worsted and wool. By Litex.
3. Sleek satin twill, coloured café au lait. Of Celanese acetate, cotton and nylon: Hurel-TSM.
4. Rough-hewn checks, smooth to the touch—ivory wool shot with two browns. MacDonald's Tweeds at Adam Watt.
5. More bounce to the ounce: baby-camel wool double-faced in ivory—marvellous for a coat with reversible looks. Warren of Stafford, loomed in America.
6. Thin wool flannel: baby camel, ivory checks—terrific for a suit. Lucien Benedek.
7. Satin-surfaced wool and worsted—great fawn-coloured coating; by Garigue. At Lafitte.
8. Double weave of apricot-beige wool gabardine. By Anglo. Loomed in America.
9. Pale beige crossed with ivory—diagonal-knit jersey of wool and camel hair. By Jerseycraft. At P & F Schwarz.
10. Diagonal blend of ivory and blond. Alpaca and wool: Agnona.
11. Creamy smooth satin twill of Antron nylon and silk. By Chardon-Marché.
12. Lean, double-faced wool for a reversible suit—brown-sugar shade reverses to ivory. Chantal.
13. Nubbled checks of cheese on greige—a natural for coats. Of wool, cotton, and silk. Fabrics by the Rings.
14. Firm, taut tailor's fabric—cinnamon-grey wool twill. By Tzaims Luksus. At E. H. Sormani.
15. Raincoat heaven: creamy cotton satin, backed with ivory worsted-and-silk twill. By Litex. Scotchgard water-repeller.
16. Wickerwork knit the colour of bleached string. Of Zefkrome. By Alamac. Kislav gloves at Best & Co.



THE GREAT GREYS (page 69). Crisp as autumn air—cool, clear greys loomed in firm, taut tailor's fabrics.
1. Slate-grey worsted Shetland—fresh look for a classic coating. By St. Andrews.
2. Marvellous marble-printed jersey—lacy and light, made of mohair and air. Orceyre.
3. Stone-grey wool hopsacking—dry and grainy; dress weight. By Einiger.
4. White-pebble textured tweed for a suit. Of wool, fur fibres, and nylon. By Scotney.
5. Grey-and-white dog's-tooth checks—wool and mohair, smooth to the touch. By Moreau-TSM.
6. Whitewashed grey coating in a twisty twilled worsted. By Berroco. Loomed in America.
7. Pale, silvery-moon twill, fine-grained. Silk-and-rayon by Onondaga.
8. Ribs of silver-shot jersey. Antron nylon, by Fair-Tex.
9. Snap-of-ginger—double Melton cloth coating. Wool, nylon: Litex.
10. Silver-grey wool fleece flips to oyster-white backing. By Einiger.
11. Weighty, firm-bodied jersey of pale-greige worsted. By Jasco.
12. For a coat with reversible good looks—steel-grey wool twill backed with wax-white. Anglo.
13. Pale grey whipped with white—wool suiting by Lesur.
14. Soft, pliant jersey plaid—grey-and-white double knit crossed with baby camel. Of rabbit hair and wool. Duplex-Shannon.



BEAUTIFYING BLUES (page 70). This season's beautifying blues—pale Versailles to intense, purpled navy; smooth and sleek.
1. Clear porcelain blue for day or evening—double-woven diagonal coating of wool, worsted and mohair. Otterburn-Richard Barr.
2. Fine-twilled powdered blue wool for a suit. Strong-Hewat.
3. Finely slubbed silk serge in Versailles blue. Onondaga.
4. For coats: double weave of bright-blue wool crêpe, by Bellaine. Loomed in America.
5. Navy blue getting stronger in a dress-weight twill. Celanese acetate, rayon. Couleur.
6. Smooth, enamel-blue wool gabardine; firm double weave. Meyer Woolens.
7. Sleek, satiny wool for suits, coats, in a marvellous china blue. Forneris. At E. H. Sormani.
8. Soft whitened blue, softly tweeded. Of Orlon, mohair, and wool. By Lesur.
9. Powdery blue, glacé for evening. Silk-and-rayon. William Rose.
10. Cut velvet in sky-light blue, the new pattern great for a suit. Of cotton. By E. H. Sormani.
11. True enamel-blue cotton velveteen, by Cone Mills.
12. Clear-blue glacé for evening. Of Eastman Chromspun acetate, worsted and nylon. Jeri Silk.
13. Giant-wale cotton corduroy in beautiful-blue-eyes blue. By Crompton-Richmond.
14. For a guardsman's coat: thick, double-woven wool by Stevens-Worumbo. Loomed in America.
15. Sky-and-clouds checks of pale blue, pale grey. Mohair-and-wool suiting by Len Artel.
16. Beautifying any blue—Swakara, Persian lamb from southwest Africa.
17. Charmeuse crêpe with a faint lustre; palest Versailles blue for evening. Silk by Abraham.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY ALLAN GRANT

"How they glow and glisten...
they've almost a life of their own
...with the serenity and mystère of
deep waters...they belong to the
sea—and me..."

We color a little at such extravagant
compliments. Though we really
can't help it, when Star of Siam
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Justin McCarty



The Fashion Intellectual, smart in the ways of young tailored clothes, will choose our Justin McCarty Glen Plaid for her Fall activities. Two piece, with the new set-in collar, patch pockets, and a soft leatherlike tie belt. A blend of cool comfortable cotton and rayon that looks like a man's worsted. Black, gold, brown. Sizes 8 to 18. About $36.

Kilpatrick's

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

August 15

You can hear the eyelashes growing

As the summer travellers begin to return, this is predictable: Vogue's incoming beauty mail will bring a small rush of questions prompted by readers' latest encounters with Europe's latest beauty methods. Why, they'll ask, hasn't the United States a cream that "reduces legs and gives them their ideal contours"? Or a bath mousse, which, used twice a week "eliminates superfluous fat and makes one svelte and slim"? Why haven't we anything in the way of a beauty product that can enlarge, reduce, or tone the bosom (you name it), when France has such a vast cast of bosom-perfecting products that they're almost a literature in themselves? And, if we're so smart here, why haven't *we* an eyelash salve able to lengthen eyelashes "from 3 to 6 millimeters in a fortnight's time"?

Eagle eye

Here's why. Some European-originated "wonders" contain ingredients which our government considers flawed from the point of view of safety. (Such products can be ordered off sale immediately if they're put on sale here; the Government has teeth.) But the safety aspect is hardly the whole of it. More frequently the reason for the glorious aura surrounding the European product (and the reason you can hear an eyelash growing straight out of the type-face of the advertising pages) is this: any amount of literary flowering seems to be permissible, there, in behalf of the product designed to whet a woman's vanity. In other words, it's not necessarily the product or its ingredients that are so imaginative—it's the claims made that are so remarkable. While the French do have a law forbidding the sale of home-permanent waves, they appear to put almost no limit on literary invention. As someone pointed out, Flaubert was, by comparison, a Finque. . . .

Fantasizing in print

Creative promises in print in the U.S. are something else again. Labels, counter-display statements, and the copy in beauty advertisements get Uncle Eagle's trained eye; an eye that operates for the protection of the gullible. Once a cosmetics house has been cited by the Federal Trade Commission for a fishy claim, it becomes subject to a heavy daily fine as long as it persists in breaking the faith. . . . Nonetheless, given hope—in French, Italian, and most often in spades—what woman in her right mind wouldn't want to know whether, *legal or not,* a goodie about which she's read in a foreign magazine might not have something marvellous for her. . . . Well, let's see. . . . In a recent issue of a magazine published in France, a product called C - - - - - s is described as the way to stop falling hair from falling. "After eight treatments, no more falling hair," is what they say in the advertisement. Wonderful? Well, the fact is many hair problems are temporary, thus many hair products that are time's handmaiden work up a lather of "successful results." *Nothing* will reach out to act as an over-all cure-all for every hair-loss problem at present. The product that says so is doing some creative writing. . . . Bosom improvement is another basic plot of French fiction of this genre. Possibly the literary beauty prize for the year should go to the mind responsible for the description of something called D - - - - - l, and its activity in working directly on the mammary glands. "Under the effect of this exceptionally rich nutrition, the bosom blossoms, augments its volume and becomes firm." Very nice, but there's more: the same ingredient "judiciously employed . . . eliminates fat masses only on the areas in which one wishes to reduce: derrière, thighs, knees, arms, ankles." Now, really! . . . But most illuminating might be this: the very same eyelash cream that's sold in Europe as something that "makes eyelashes grow at the rate of 3 to 6 millimeters," is sold in the U.S. as "an eyelash conditioner that helps make eyelashes *look* longer." Product, jar, instructions, registered name: otherwise identical on all counts on both continents. . . .

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Now, all the wondrous qualities of Corfam for so little. Lightweight, scuff resistant, weatherproof, breathable, wipes clean with a damp cloth. What more marvelous way to enjoy Air Step's cushioned sole comfort? Shown in antiqued brown; also black, light brown, red, blue. Other Air Step Shoes priced from $12 to $17. Air Step Division, Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis.

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Who cares about the wind and the rain? Not you, when you weather the weather in your Weatherbee! Taking the sting out of winter is easy in this jaunty poplin Trench coat of Dacron® polyester and cotton. It's not only styled to shut out every vagrant breeze, it's lined with the warmest zip-out liner this side of the equator—a long-haired deep pile of Acrilan® acrylic and Verel® modacrylic by Borg. Natural, quail blue, olive. Misses and Junior sizes. $60* at listed stores and other stores of equal calibre.

weatherbee

New York—Lord & Taylor
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VOGUE'S

The sun-filled wedding, in Newport, of Miss Ames W. Crawford and Mr. Thomas G. Cushing

Summer wedding at Newport, Rhode Island, on a rare June afternoon, at Trinity Church, one of the oldest and loveliest in the country. For the marriage of Miss Ames W. Crawford, daughter of Mr. John R. Crawford and Mrs. Washington Crawford, to Mr. Thomas G. Cushing, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, the weather was gentle, the colours cool: white flowers for the church, pale yellow for the bridesmaids, green and white for the reception at the John Crawford house, "Sea Edge." Among the three hundred guests were two dozen Cushings, including the groom's five small nieces dressed in flowered dresses and flowered wreaths. On the lawn, the children, the bride, the sea in the distance made

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NOTEBOOK

the kind of scene that delighted such painters as Winslow Homer and Howard Gardiner Cushing, the latter the groom's grandfather.

1. The bride and groom, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Cushing. 2. Mr. Alston Boyd; Mr. John R. Drexel, III; Mrs. Alexander Cushing. 3. The bridesmaids outside Trinity Church. 4. Mrs. John S. Palmer; Mr. Francis Bunty Lawrence. 5. Mrs. John R. Drexel, III. 6. Mr. C. Cheever Hardwick, III; Miss Mary B. Atchley. 7. Mrs. Frederick A. Cushing. 8. Mrs. John R. Crawford; the bride; Mr. John R. Crawford. 9. Miss Joan B. Reeves. 10. Mr. Beverley Bogert; Miss Topsy Taylor.

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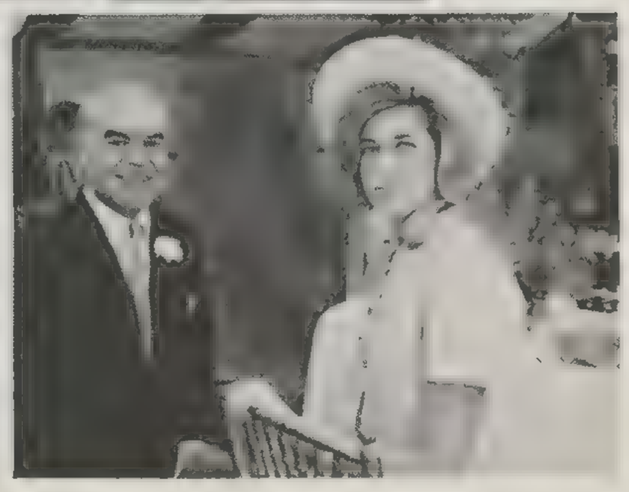
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☆ The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a blue and gold Japanese scroll of celestial musicians, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September the first.



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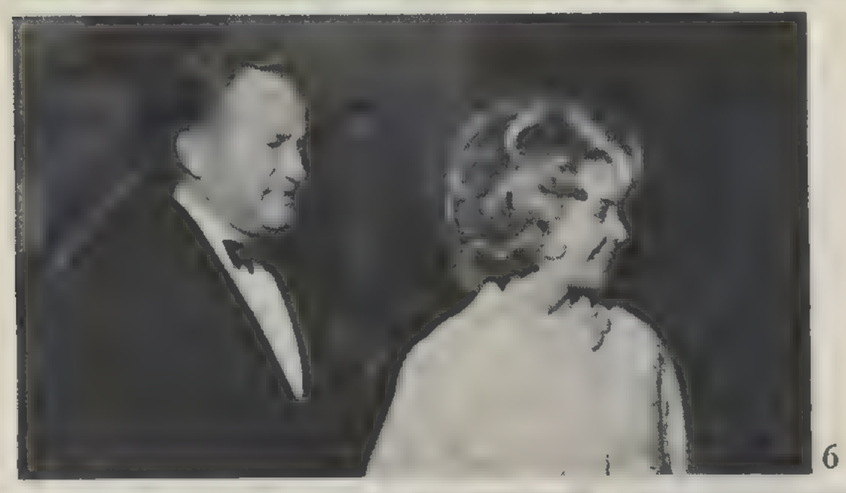


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NOTEBOOK

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1. Mme. Hervé Alphand; Vice-President Hubert H. Humphrey; Ambassador Hervé Alphand. 2. Mr. Thomas Guinzburg; Mrs. Boyer Butler. 3. Captain and Mrs. Tazewell Shepard, junior. 4. Mr. George C. Stevens, junior; Mr. Rowland Evans, junior; Mrs. George C. Stevens, junior. 5. Mme. Michel Dorance; Senator and Mrs. Robert F. Kennedy. 6. Mr. Lloyd N. Hand, Chief of Protocol, and Mrs. Hand. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Howar. 8. Mr. Emmet Hughes; Mrs. John Sherman Cooper.

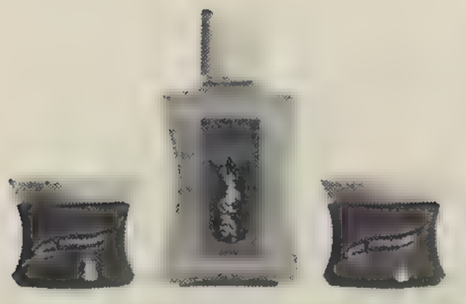


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Square's Progress,

"*surprise fillips*"

Someone was bound eventually to restage *The Pilgrim's Progress* in modern dress, and we should be glad that Wilfrid Sheed undertook the job. His new production, *Square's Progress* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), is less allegory than satire and less dream than matter of fact, but Bunyan's seventeenth-century armature remains, graceful and solid, under the graceless and flimsy trappings of the twentieth century. Although the dragons Mr. Sheed slays (wall-to-wall carpeting, cookouts in Suburbia, migratory Bohemians, ad-man cant) have been slain many, many times before, he dispatches them without sweating or snarling; he understates and underplays and has a good lot of surprise fillips in his bag of tricks.

The Christian of the present pilgrimage is a man in his late twenties, Fred Cope. He is in the insurance game; he is "abysmally secure" by reason of "an unemphatic nest egg" given him by his father (retired and living in Florida) on his twenty-first birthday and stocks left him by his mother; he is a baseball buff; he enjoys Saturday-night parties with his neighbours in New Jersey; he has a weight problem. And he is married to a pretty woman, Alison, who articulately despises all his affinities and habits ("Typical of Fred to write with the Palmer method") and spends most of their time together honing her sharp tongue on him. The Copes' treadmill in time grinds to a stop, and Mr. and Mrs. get off to set forth on His and Her divergent paths: Fred to the enemy territory of Greenwich Village and then to Spain, and Alison to her native Stapleton, Pennsylvania (Despond, Pa.) where she is all but undone by Giant Inertia.

After a series of unadventurous adventures—tilting at windmills and shooting at sitting birds—the two are reunited in Bloodbury, New Jersey, and while we are not sure that they will do so happily, we are reasonably certain that they will live ever after. The Copes have learned to cope. Fred, back at his old job that he had chucked in rare rebellion, sums himself up thus: . . . "he isn't hip and he's no longer perfectly square, and he sure as hell isn't an individualist—tell you what he can do, though. Maybe he can live with the squares, has got the coloration for that, and cultivate irony on the side."

A Dedicated Man,

"*wise irony*"

Elizabeth Taylor has collected a new book of twelve short stories, *A Dedicated Man* (Viking), each one of which is constructed with her familiar authenticity and imbued with her familiar wise irony. Whether she is looking at her compatriots abroad as their complexions alter under foreign skies (or as their protective colouring is reinforced), or listening to and reporting the conversations of girls working in a shabby genteel hairdressing shop, or exploring the isolation of widows or of children or of adolescents, Mrs. Taylor is always sure of her ground and can be depended on never to disappoint. The masterpiece of this collection is the title story in which the dedicated man is a butler so unwaveringly snobbish that his teammate and *soi-disant* wife, until she leaves him in a rage, "realized with respect . . . that he looked down upon himself."

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

THEATRE

By Susan Sontag

In London: Inadmissible Evidence, "shallow, exhibitionistic, fragmented"

According to the story that is already legendary, it was John Osborne who, with his play *Look Back in Anger* in the famous production at London's Royal Court Theatre in 1956, inaugurated the renascence of English theatre. From the point of view of theatre craft—above all, of acting—the general level of serious drama in England had long been (and still is) staggeringly accomplished. But the English plays themselves were thin stuff. The stage was occupied by classics and by faintly contemporary dramas unfolding politely in prosperously furnished living rooms and therefore in a social and political vacuum. Almost single-handed, Osborne challenged all that, by wheeling onto the stage a drastically contemporary and impolite subject matter, the "angry" and "non-U" leftish young intelligentsia of the post-war Welfare State. Even more important, he released a new energy (based on vituperation and diatribe) into a theatre which had accepted—in an unbroken tradition from Wilde to Eliot—the idea of plays as being well-made "conversations on a stage."

It may be difficult for Americans who take the theatre seriously to grasp Osborne's importance. For one reason, extreme emotions, embittered youth, and the agonies of the provinces and of ex-provincials balked by the big city have been a staple of the American theatre since O'Neill. For another, Osborne is a fairly conventional and often clumsy dramatist. His next to latest play, *Inadmissible Evidence*, shows Osborne at his weakest even while it displays the by now familiar virtues of his talent.

Osborne's principal virtue is that he plainly despises the cult of understatement, flippancy, cleverness—the masking of emotions—that is the vast wasting vice of English culture. Osborne's plays are full of unembarrassed passion; he relishes it. The best parts are the bravura solo passages of dense, intricate complaint and diatribe. The plays come marvellously alive when somebody launches into a virtuoso cadenza of invective, telling off somebody else (who lapses into silence), or passionately castigating the state of things in general. But Osborne's gift for the stunning outburst, for the rhetoric of misery and insult, is not supported by enough ability to develop, complicate, and resolve a dramatic situation. He lacks the gift for making ordinary dialogue work that knits together the stark perversities of Harold Pinter, the feeling for the solidity and coherence of character that elevates the humane sociological dramas of Arnold Wesker, the inventiveness of form that marks the astringent theatre-lessons of John Arden.

As in *After the Fall*, a play that *Inadmissible Evidence* strikingly resembles, the subject is a man nearing middle age and at the end of his tether, engaged in painful but essentially soliloquizing and futile confrontations with his immediate associates. Osborne's Bill Maitland (a lawyer, like Arthur Miller's Quentin) is onstage every minute of the play, and the exhausting rôle has won for the actor who plays it, Nicol Williamson, an exaggerated acclaim. Nicol Williamson sweats and groans and fidgets and throws himself about with extraordinary stamina; and he negotiates the shifts from dialogue to "truthful" asides (in the manner of O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*) with great brio.

Even more than *After the Fall*, *Inadmissible Evidence* suffers from a disastrous monotony. We learn that Bill Maitland is a mediocre lawyer, an untrustworthy (Continued on next page)



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Theatre

(Continued from preceding page)

partner, a brute with his clerk, a menace to his secretaries, a lousy husband, a selfish father, a wheedling and parasitical lover. Miller has his Quentin ruminating before an imaginary Listener (the Psychoanalyst? the Audience?) with the help of intricate flashbacks. Osborne has a Kafka-esque prologue: the hero is on a darkened stage in the witness-box on trial for his soul before the Judge and the Prosecuting Attorney, who later, when the play proper begins, metamorphose into his partner and his clerk. The rest of the play—we never return to the supernatural courtroom—takes place in Bill Maitland's office. We watch him for two days losing clients through inattention, being left by one secretary whom he's seduced, going to bed with another secretary, exploiting his elderly partner (who finally announces he's leaving to join another firm), bullying and ridiculing his young clerk, whining and lying to his wife and mistress on the telephone, insulting his daughter whom he summons to have lunch with him. For no apparent reason, the three women clients are played by the same actress and the male client by the actor who plays the clerk.

And what we never understand is why Bill Maitland has made such a mess of his life, or why we should care about him. For all the railing against England, modern life, his own mediocrity, the heartlessness of the new youth (a new theme for Osborne, eight years after *Look Back in Anger*), Bill Maitland's despair seems shallow, exhibitionistic, fragmented. The agonies of Osborne's hero, which are supposed to invite our sympathy and pity, are trivial, so far as they are private failings, and inauthentic, so far as the playwright tries to enlarge their significance by linking them up with the public crises of our age.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: MOVIES

By Elizabeth Hardwick

The Knack,

"noisy, sexy breeziness"

The Knack is very funny. Richard Lester, its director, is an original talent with a sense of this very minute. The Mods and Rockers minute, and a frantically busy, non-U humour that is good-natured but not at all sentimental. Far from it: there is a careless and very real worldliness in this new film and in his earlier one, *A Hard Day's Night.* Although Lester is not credited with the screenplay for *The Knack,* I can not help but think some of the especially mad remarks of the crowd are the work of his brain. "Right this way, Sir," someone says to a girl in Courrèges boots and space helmet. *The Knack* has the same noisy, sexy breeziness as *A Hard Day's Night,* even if it is not quite as brilliant. The Beatles are real, *The Knack* a contrivance. Of course, a contrivance is no hindrance to a comedy—think of *Dr. Strangelove*—but there are a few longueurs in *The Knack:* too much business with furniture, with rolling a bed across London. Still it is one of the most attractive works in a long time. The splendid actress Rita Tushingham bothers me a little; in an atmosphere that is a miasma of youthful, sexual longing she has for some reason been made too lumpy and plain to carry off her part. As the presumed sexual athlete blessed with "the knack," Ray Brooks is just puffy, soft, and croony enough to cast a certain doubt on the profundity of his exploits. The extreme youthfulness of Lester's films is the thing; they make the comedies of Jack Lemmon or Shirley MacLaine seem middle-aged.

The Collector,

"gloss is everywhere"

The quiet horrors of *The Collector* are rooted in the plodding, psychopathic energy of a dull young man who kidnaps a beautiful, fresh young art student, imprisons her in the cellar of a remote house, and keeps her there until she dies. The boy is repressed, lower class; he hopes by the incarceration of the girl to make her love him and even more to learn from her the secret of her life, of her brightness, her joy in things. But of course the boy can not learn anything. He is himself imprisoned in the hard, unyielding wood of his personality. In a moment of utter despair, he blurts out what he really thinks of Picasso, that it is all a joke, stupid and ugly. But somehow he feels it is a joke on him. It is a grim story, rather more impressive on the surface than on its deeper levels.

William Wyler's gloss is everywhere on the film. It is sure, professional, satisfactory as a production, and yet the whole feeling is one of gloss. The grainy, worn surface of this pitiless drama hardly ever exposes itself to us. The best thing about the novel is the naturalness of the girl, a certain autonomy and freedom and wholeness. Samantha Eggar is lovely, but she does not suggest the beautiful intelligence and free-spirited aliveness that might have added something pure to her rôle. She has the beauty of an ingénue, and that alone. Terence Stamp's performance is much more interesting. Doggedness and incapacity seem to inhabit his sulky, disappointed body. The boring concentration of the dulled imagination at some point of desire comes through in his patient madness. And again, shining over it is the desire, the longing of the director, William Wyler. His is one of those honourable, successful careers somehow forever cast in the shade by some unexpected meteor—for instance, Richard Lester.

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The wool slacks are a windowpane plaid. In all seven VILLAGER colors. 6-16. $18.

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The double action wool shetland skirt has a stitched waistband. In all seven VILLAGER colors. 6-16. $15.

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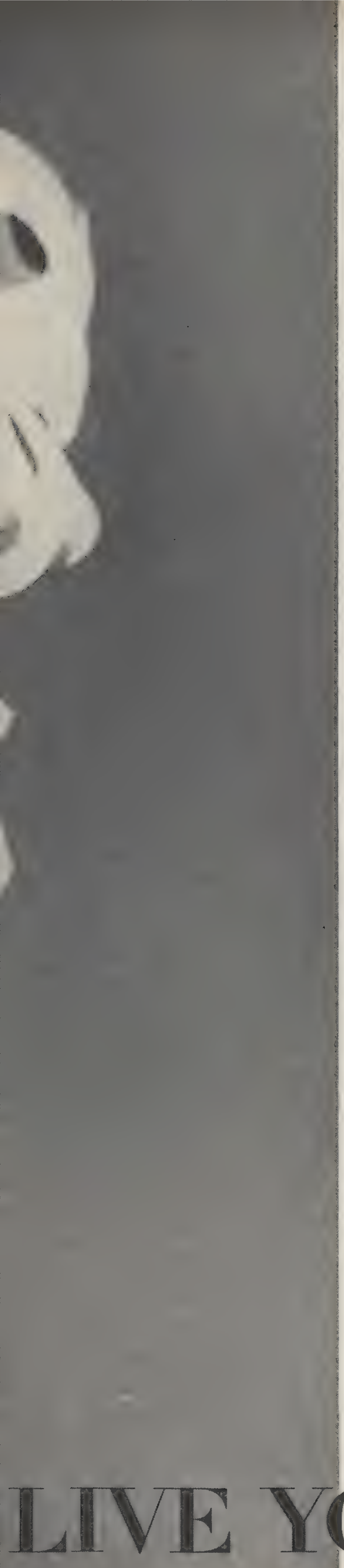
VOGUE's EYE VIEW: THE YEAR OF THE BODY— CONTINUING



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HOW TO



A WHOLE LIFE INSTEAD OF HALF A LIFE: IS THIS SOMETHING WOMEN CAN HAVE FOR THE TAKING, THE TAKING OF A HORMONE PILL? WE EXPLORE THE QUESTION WITH A DISTINGUISHED DOCTOR.

There is a pill that appears to play
a vital rôle in the prevention of aging
in women. There is evidence
that by taking this pill each day—
but taking an occasional holiday from it,
in accordance with their doctor's orders—
and by supplementing it unfailingly
with a gynecological checkup every six months,
women can live happier and longer,
and, during this longer, happier life,
they can retard, dazzlingly, many of
the physiological signs of aging (some of which
are obvious, some subtle but decisive).
Their skin retains resiliency; their bodies
will stand unwarped by dowager's hump;
the usual tendency to collect weight
around the abdomen is lessened.
The pill is a hormone pill. Its effectiveness
in the prevention of aging of bones, joints,
muscles, skin, heart and other organs
is well documented; its brightening effect
upon the psyche seems to be unquestionable....
But even so, the subject isn't roses.
Many doctors once thought this pill caused cancer.
Now, many more believe it may help
toward the prevention of cancer. The drama
behind this reversal in thinking lies partly
in the emergence of successful and well-watched
case histories; partly in the widespread
acceptance of the new oral contraceptive pill,
the ingredients of which are essentially
the same as those contained
in the pill for the prevention of aging....
However, there is still no consensus
of opinion about the pill's value.
One behind-the-scenes regret
is in the uphill work that still must be done
to document every facet of this drug's behaviour
to change in the public's mind—and to total
medical satisfaction—the reputation
of a once-suspect hormone.... The good news
hasn't travelled fast enough to suit
some of our more brilliant scientists;
and it is deplored that no great institution
in the United States has yet allocated funds
for study of easy ways to assay the *precise*
hormonal needs of the body that no longer
supplies enough of its own estrogen.
When at last an understanding
of the pill's performance
has been sufficiently clarified; when at last
the statisticians have enough material to answer
every doctor's query about pattern of dosage,
the only people who stand to be affected
by this revolution in hormone therapy
may be: all the women on earth....
In the pages that follow here: the first
in a series of tape-recorded conversations
with those medical leaders from whom
it has been Vogue's privilege to take
an indoctrination course on the status of
the sex hormones. Speaking first,
the distinguished director of the department
of obstetrics and gynecology of one of
New York's most respected hospitals.
Note to Vogue readers: the doctor was aware
that we had done our homework in preparation
for the conversation that follows; hence
he did not always identify the medical terms
he used. The footnotes are ours, therefore;
and it is hoped they will not interfere
with the run of the doctor's generous and level
talk—talk concerned with the whole
of human life, and as thoroughly selfless
as one might hope to encounter
in any field, any time.... The transcript follows.

LIVE YOUNG AT ANY AGE

WILLIAM KLEIN

AGE-POSTPONEMENT: A DOCTOR SPEAKS

This subject—the postponement of aging
through use of estrogenic hormone pills—
has grown in the magazines.
It hasn't grown quite as much
in the medical literature as you'd think
it would have grown. It has grown
in the popular magazines, and come up
in the news magazines like *Newsweek* and *Time*
every now and then, but there has not been
a really rapid growth of it
in the medical magazines. This is surprising,
and I think it's bad, and we must try
to interpret why it is that this situation
exists. I think hormones[1] have
a bad connotation, and the whole business
is considered by many of our scientists
to be so unscientific—such a symptomatic
approach to a very important problem—
that it just hasn't caught on among many
of the leaders in medicine.
Now, as you know, some of our greatest leaders
have written on it. Allan Barnes of Johns
Hopkins has written on it, but I don't think
since 1962. Clyde Randall up at Buffalo,
but again, not recently. And Leon Israel
from Philadelphia. . . . But it worries me
that this thing hasn't been gone into
by *more* of our medical leaders.
Our number one writer has been
Dr. Robert Wilson.[2] For sheer volume
and consistency, he has been
the principal writer on estrogen for women
whose bodies have stopped producing their
own—but people haven't listened to him,
and now that he's getting on in years,
perhaps they're never going to listen
to him. . . . This is a bad thing
for the rapid advancement and the rapid
pickup on this by the public. As
lay writers, you probably see more of this
subject in general magazines than
we do in the medical literature. But most
of the reporting has been very superficial.
You, as journalists, must consider carefully
your rôle as medical interpreters.
What you're going to do
is mirror medical thinking that is valuable,
and that has been curiously neglected
and misunderstood. In your analysis of it,
I think you must ponder on this side of it—
the neglect—if you're going to get
something over that is really first class,
because there is in hormones something
that is unique, and you'd think
that every medical man in this country
would have taken this thing and run away with
it because it is of such great importance.
But as yet that hasn't happened. . . .
I spoke on this at a recent medical meeting,
and I think I may have been the only one
in the whole program on this subject.
I had a paper on postmenopausal estrogen.
This was at a luncheon conference. It wasn't
on a big stage; this wasn't in the forum.
It was minuscule. But to my mind,
the life-insurance people would be interested
in it. You'd think, of all people,
life-insurance companies would say:
this is *something;* if we can have our women
live five years longer, then it's worth
putting millions of dollars into it.
The National Institutes of Health, as far
as I know, appear to be doing
nothing on this subject at all.

Is there any general area of agreement about the use of hormones?

There is no real consensus. Dr. Roy Hertz,
who is in charge of a Government program
on cancer, is of the opinion, and he has
so stated in the press, and in some
of the articles I'm going to give you to read,
that continued long-term use of hormones
should be avoided; he has said
that while there's no clinical data to show
a direct relationship between breast cancer
in humans and the use of estrogen,[3]
a relationship has been shown in experiments
with animals. But then Dr. Arthur Ruskin,
of the Food and Drug Administration's
new-drug division, has stated that
the small amounts of estrogen
in the oral contraception pills cleared
by the F.D.A. appear safe on the basis
of animal experiments. . . .
I don't know exactly why there has been
so little medical publishing on hormones,
but many people must feel that there are
more important problems. I personally think
it's a *very* important problem. I went
to one of the chief endocrinologists
in this city, and asked why so little work is
being done on this, considering all the
exciting things happening in steroid chemistry.
The whole world—the whole steroid
chemical field—has been virtually
revolutionized in two years. There is a great
deal happening. But in the end,
things sometimes happen in medicine
for the money that's in them. Not
for the doctor, you understand,
but for the drug houses, who must temper
their research expenditures with work
that will bring in profits. So it's logical
to assume that practically all
of the work in the steroid-involved
drug houses in the last few years has been in
the field of oral contraception.
The first type of oral contraception pill
was based on a mixture of estrogen
and progesterone, taken daily twenty days
a month. But now a whole new set
of oral contraception pills are coming
on the market. These are the *sequentials.*
This is theoretically a more physiological
approach. It has just been approved. You
take them the same way the first pill was taken—
but the ingredients for the sequentials are
administered and organized more like the
ingredients of the ovarian cycle itself. For the
beginning of the cycle, you have estrogen
alone. And for the latter part of the cycle,
you have a different pill,
from which you get a combination of both
the estrogen *and* the progesterone. This is
a much more physiological pill
for oral contraception. Here's what
one sequential looks like.[4] This happens
to be the second type of sequential released.
There'll be more out in the next
six months. The point is, the steroid

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[1]*Hormones are secretions of the ductless glands. Everyone produces hormones all the time, all through life. Thyroid and insulin are hormones. Here, however, our doctor is speaking specifically of the female sex hormones, estrogen and progesterone, which are the essential ingredients both of the new oral contraception pills and the pill given to prevent aging in women. . . . A hormone-deficiency condition in women generally occurs in the forties. Men, on the other hand, continue to produce their own androgens past this age—which may account for the tendency of many men to age later than their wives.*

[2]*Dr. Robert Wilson, of Brooklyn, and of the Wilson Research Foundation in New York, is a once-maverick who has long believed that since women now live to far greater age than nature expected them to live, it is necessary and merciful to extend their prime of life with estrogen. Dr. Wilson insists, however, that his patients be made to menstruate in the interest of cancer-prevention. He sometimes arranges for this by introducing a second pill containing progesterone*

drug houses all seem to be concentrating on the contraceptive field.

Does this work on contraceptive pills relate directly to the use of hormones after the menopause?

Yes; this work is exciting for those of us who are interested in the postmenopausal aspect of hormones because this sequential type of pill *needs* to be used postmenopausal as well. This pill hasn't been passed for that. It has only been authorized for use for contraception. But to my mind, its real rôle eventually—its great market value, if you want to put it that way—is going to be something for the postmenopausal woman, so that she can take the estrogen for these x number of days, which is going to make her feel wonderfully well, and then the second pill, with its combination of progesterone and estrogen, after which the shedding of the uterine lining will occur; this is in accordance with the Wilson view.

How close do you feel we are to this further use of the knowledge gained by the production of contraceptive pills?

What I have tried to get the steroid drug houses to do, they still haven't done—and that is to package the pills specifically for postmenopausal women. To give women the estrogen, and then give them the progesterone that will degrade the endometrium, the uterine lining, just *short* of bleeding. I don't think culturally women are going to be willing to bleed in their sixties and seventies. The brain-washed, yes; if they are devotees of Dr. Wilson, and are directly under his supervision—they'll do anything he says. He gets them to bleed every forty-two days. But to my mind, you're not going to get seven million women . . . you're not even going to get a hundred thousand women . . . to be willing to menstruate in their sixties, seventies, and eighties. First, it's a nuisance—and culturally they're against it. That's why I think we need a pill which will give them the estrogen and then, separately, give them the second pill to degrade the endometrium just enough so that it will disappear and wither without shedding. Then I think you'd have something that millions of women would accept. . . .

Have many physicians across the country begun to change their opinion about hormones? Has this tremendous fear that hormones cause cancer begun to subside?

Well, there is a gradual turnaround, but there are still many physicians who continue to feel that hormones can cause cancer. There are even more, however, who believe that hormones can prevent cancer, for that is the pitch at this time. A normal organ is less likely to be cancerous than an atrophied one—and hormones prevent atrophy of the uterus. . . . Even so, the gynecologists are still great fearers. You'll find the orthopaedic men and the internal medical men are giving hormones much more freely than the gynecologists. They're giving hormones for relief from crippling arthritis; for brittleness of bones; for prevention of arteriosclerosis or atherosclerosis; or because the patient, now postmenopausal, appears to have lost her joie de vivre. I can't say exactly why it is that gynecologists aren't giving hormones as freely as the others. Perhaps the gynecologists see the patient so infrequently that they have little chance to know how much the patient is suffering. But the patient then goes to her family doctor who will listen to her troubles and give her medication. Also, I guess the gynecologist has a little more fear of cancer. Because if he's seen one case, it stands out very firmly in his mind. So the gynecologist hasn't been giving as much.

Where does the patient stand on this? Do most women have fairly definite feelings one way or the other?

The patients are still the greatest fearers. You know there's not much evidence that says hormones will *cause* cancer. You *know* that. The only evidence is in animals. If you take the cancer-*prone* mice and rats that have been inbred to the degree that they're going to get cancer someday, regardless—and if you give them these hormones in large amounts, the disease will be precipitated more rapidly. There is no question on earth about it. And I would presume that the same *could* be true of humans. If you have cancer-prone humans (and I firmly believe that we have some families that are cancer-prone—but our generation turnover is so slow that no one doctor goes through this), then the chances are you will get some cancers. There are also some other reasons why doctors have gotten fearful. There are many doctors who have always used the estrogen alone; who have never given the progesterone to cause the shedding. And they have had some cancers. But—again—these hormones haven't necessarily been taken judiciously.

Why do you use the word "judiciously"?

Because even though a doctor may *tell* a patient to go off estrogen from time to time, she doesn't do so. She takes it all the time. She doesn't cycle its use, as she's supposed to. She gets to where she so fears that week or two weeks that she's supposed to be off it that she keeps on taking it, we believe. I know that two of my cases are women you couldn't trust at all. They become so addicted to this pill—so addicted to the good feeling they get from it *daily*—that they won't interrupt as they are told to. Now I feel there must be some reason why we have had some cancers in the group that have been just on estrogen alone. We *have*. They're not bad cancer, but they're cancer just the same. They're all curable, but some of them require hysterectomy. One of the four I know about did have some invasion. The rest of them could have been managed by curettage alone. Other gynecologists have told me they've had the same experience. Dr. Wilson, on the other hand, says he's never had any uterine cancers, because he gives his patients progesterone. Can one say flatly that that's the reason? Well, no, I don't think Wilson's series is large enough—and this is his first opinion. But he does have some other theories. He has had

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that causes his patients to shed the uterine lining every 42 days. In the dosages he gives, this cleansing shedding simulates menstruation.

[3]On the other hand, such experienced physicians as—to name just one—Dr. Charles Huggins of the University of Chicago Medical School have been quoted as saying: "We've been giving estrogens for over thirty years, and we've yet to see a case of cancer resulting from it." . . .

[4]Here, the doctor took from his drawer what appeared to be a slightly oversized match clip. On a single flap of cardboard in the clip were twenty separately sealed pills, fifteen of which were white, five of which were peach-coloured, and all of which, according to the directions printed inside the clip, were meant to be taken in a given sequence beginning on the fifth day of menstruation. As indicated, the white were estrogen alone; the peach combined progesterone and estrogen.

no cancers in the uterus, but there have been some breast cancers. Dr. Wilson believes, though, that progesterone perhaps in the breast has some utilization or technique or method of breaking the cycle better than just withdrawal of the pill. And there is some evidence that seems to make this appear to be true. For instance, Dr. Robert Kistner, of Harvard Medical School, has done a great deal of work in this. He believes he can cure or abort some endometrial cancers—that is, uterine cancers—by an injection of the second hormone, progesterone, directly into the uterus.

Is there any general rule that women should observe in the interests of catching cancer early?

Women should be seen every six months. But some women who take estrogen get so addicted to it they'll bleed without telling you because they know you're going to take it away from them. This is understandable, though. They're so fatalistic about medicine—women. Men, too. *All* people. They're going to put it off; they're going to dare a little longer. They're even afraid to go and have a checkup because they're afraid it might be cancer. And I think the sequential program—which was actually developed for oral contraception—is going to help a great deal. If you wonder why it is that people apparently believe hormones for contraceptives are all right, but hormones given postmenopausal cause cancer, evidently their reasoning is: the younger woman is making her own hormones all the time. And it's true. A big activity of cyclical hormones is what the body is making all the time . . . *just* as large a dose as you're giving in this pill; even larger. But: most *endometrial* cancer is postmenopausal—after the body is no longer getting hormones. So this is a point in favour of the people who say that you can prevent cancer with hormones. If you go to a statistician, though, and get into this discussion, here's what he will say: you can not really prove that hormones will prevent cancer. Statistically you can't. For example, you'd have to have ten thousand women followed for twenty years, or something like that, to prove that there is a lower statistical incidence of cancer in them than there is in women who didn't take the hormones. That's very hard to prove. I did some work with statisticians to see if it could be done. Not only would it be hard to prove statistically that hormones cause cancer; it would be even harder to prove they prevent cancer. As we've just said, theoretically hormones should prevent cancer, because they keep the organs young enough. On the other hand, you can have a much smaller sample which would prove the positive side; this proof would show up more quickly than the negative side—because you have to assume that a certain percentage of women are dying of cancer—the women in whom cancer is already there. And you've got to *over*-prove the point to establish prevention. . . .

Is there any reason for a woman to take hormones before she reaches menopause?

Many women ask for hormones before their cessation of ovarian activity, and very few of us give them any, because theoretically they would have no need for hormones. They're making their own, so why do they need any exogenous drug—that is, any drug originating from outside? The demonstration that there is ovarian activity is menstruation—menstruation is evidence of being in a range of normalcy. It can be that you can bleed or menstruate or both with a rather low level. Many of our endocrinologists are in a sort of middle position; they believe that some women need hormones for prevention of menopausal symptoms, but *not* for postponement of aging, quote, unquote. That should be enough to prevent heart disease in any case—you are aware of all the figures on this, aren't you? You know that you could take one hundred castrates[5] at age forty and another hundred women who went on to menstruate till age fifty, and the incidence of heart ailments would be greater among the castrated women. So there's a great deal to prove for the pill there. Most of the lay literature, in discussing the hormone in terms of the way in which it delays aging, only says it delays aging as far as heart disease is concerned . . . as far as skin disease is concerned . . . as far as bone and joint diseases, and muscles are concerned . . . as far as arteriosclerosis is concerned. That's all well established. And I think that's being more and more documented all the time. But the question still comes back to whether or not the hormone has any adverse effects on the breast and uterus. Once again, let me say that an examination every six months should be enough to pick up very early disease. But apart from this, I think more and more of us are coming to believe that we should do something similar to what Dr. Wilson does—to shed the lining of the endometrium. Not every forty-two days, necessarily—but I'm trying to get my patients to do it every three or four or six months; to take a second hormone, progesterone. Withdrawal of all hormone medication after this progesterone will cause shedding of the lining that's there. Now many women won't bleed; that's fine. But if the lining is slowly piling up like thick fur on an animal, well, then, that could lead to a microscopic type of cancer which in itself, no matter how curable it is, is no fun for anybody.

Can a woman distinguish between this proper, organized shedding, and a uterine bleeding which might be symptomatic of something else?

The answer is: if she's not taking any hormones of her own—that is, exogenous hormones—and bleeds in her mid-fifties, she'll have to blame it on something happening in the uterus. If a woman is in the very old age group, and bleeds from the very first time she starts taking the hormone in small amounts, it usually means there's some deposit there already,

(Continued on page 147)

[5] *A castrate, in this usage, means a woman whose ovaries no longer function, either because she is now naturally postmenopausal, or because the ovaries have been surgically removed.*

WHAT DOES A HORMONE LOOK LIKE? IN THE EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN AT RIGHT, THE FEMALE HORMONE, PROGESTERONE, HAS BEEN MAGNIFIED 1250 TIMES AND DOCUMENTED BY A TECHNIQUE DEVELOPED BY DR. ROMAN VISHNIAC OF THE ALBERT EINSTEIN COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.



FABRICS–

WHAT LOOMS LARGE

Looking ahead to the next marvellous clothes, here are their makings: fabrics more refined, smoother to the touch, with more control at the surface. . . . Crisp bodied fabrics for shaping, some doubled for great reversible looks. . . . Crêpe-surfaced wools, twills, Shetlands, heavy kerseys, a sprinkling of tweeds. . . . Checks, plaids, wonderful line-plaids like Tattersall in an echo-chamber. . . . Knit news in more-ounce jerseys, knitted wickerwork effects. . . . Looming, and luminous, for evening—satin twill with a gleam of chemistry, lamé, charmeuse crêpe, lace, point d'esprit. . . . For raincoat heaven, cotton satin backed by worsted-and-silk twill—all water-shedding. . . . The sparkle of real jewels, of glacé gloves, against wools now—the Maltese crosses, left: by David Webb. Double twill, how it shapes, right, a superb suit with slender shoulders and sleeves, the smoothest jacket front —all bias. Double-faced wool twill in baby camel; the blouse, cinnamon silk shantung. By Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of Anglo fabric, loomed in America. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Earrings by Vendôme. Hat by Irene of New York. Kislav gloves. For details about the fabrics, see page 42.

The looks of the ivory collection... cheese... baby camel... a shot of bright brown



PENN

FABRICS–LOOMING LARGE

The grey ideas now—cool and clear, with no haze or cloudiness in sight. Crisp cuts of twill and hopsacking, in shades of stone. . . . Checks in dark slate-grey and white. . . . Steel-grey whipcord, double-faced with a wax-white backing, for a coat with reversible looks. . . . Silver greys in silks and chemics—like bringing your own moonlight for evening. . . . Marvellous marble-printed jersey—lacy, light, made of mohair and air. . . . Zing for greys: a touch of ginger-brown, the jewelled Maltese crosses by David Webb. Dark grey flannel, pale-yellow corduroy, left, great together in a suit with dropped shoulders, eased skirt. By B. H. Wragge, of wool flannel, Crompton corduroy. About $125. Gloves by Grandoe. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. For fabric details, see page 42.

The great greys... silver... steel... stone... grey whipped with white... a snap of ginger





FABRICS–LOOMING LARGE

Blues, in a range from pale to brilliant—all important now. The clear blues of porcelain and enamel in diagonal wool for day, in glacé twill for evening. . . . Powder blue, fine-twilled and smooth. . . . China blue in satin-faced wool—news for a sleek suit or coat. . . . Corduroy in sky-light blue, in beautiful-eyes blue. . . . Strong navy blue, getting stronger in double-woven coachman's coating, in crisp glossy serge. . . . Sky-and-clouds checks of pale blue, pale grey. . . . Charmeuse crêpe with a faint lustre, in the palest blue for evening. . . . Fire for any blue: the Maltese cross of rubies, diamonds, and emeralds, by David Webb. Enamel blue, cleared with white and grey, right. A brilliant coat with a wide cuffed neck, a shape that narrows high up under sloping sleeves. Gleams: a white tape belt, grey pearls, a grey curly fur hat. Costume, including a white wool jersey dress (not shown), by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; coat of Anglo wool kersey, loomed in America. Marvella necklace. Van S earrings. Shalimar gloves. All at Bonwit Teller. Costume: Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's; Dayton's. Hat by Adolfo. Fabric details, page 42.

Clear, beautifying blues... enamel... soft Versailles... Bristol... strong navy... gleams of grey



PENN



RHODES... JULIUS CAESAR CUT CLASSES

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

Rhodes: I knew I would like it before I arrived, and not from hearsay, but from the ship that took me there.

Her captain loved canaries. An hour or so out of Piraeus, I wandered up into the wheelhouse—it was a permissive ship—and I saw them, in forty-two gilded cages strung from one end of the bridge to the other, forty-two little yellow birds. The captain, a Greek with a moustache and a stomach, stood among them, peering through a spyglass. That is all: the captain peered, the canaries sang, I relaxed.

Well, what sort of island is Rhodes? In the first place, it is a resort, and unlike most of the other Greek islands, it has been a resort forever. Julius Caesar was there—to take a course in public speaking, he said, but actually to cut classes, loll upon the beaches, and chatter with the natives.

You can be yourself in Rhodes—it is an island that has been forcibly civilized by a score of eager conquerors who have loved its gentle air. You waste no time upon the mere practical arrangements for living; there is no need to be a good sport about the plumbing or the food or the drink. There are a dozen hotels to choose from—and good ones—but you will stay at the Grand, I think. It is the new beauty, and each of its rooms has a balcony which gives upon the sea. (That sea: it is banded. At the shore it is a pale milky blue, then comes a band of clear emerald, beyond that is the deep navy blue.) With breakfast and dinner included, you pay only ten dollars a day.

The Grand also has an enormous pool around which you can lie and bake and have a Fix and read a book; this you must do the first couple of days. A Fix, need I say, is the Greek beer, and the book, I must say, is Lawrence Durrell's excellent study of Rhodes, *Reflections on a Marine Venus*. When you have finished it, you will know more than you need to know about Rhodes and you can Start Out.

You will walk along streets of flowering trees to the New Town (you will do this again and again) and you will sit at one of the cafés along the Mandráki—the port—and have coffee and other things and buy sponges that are two feet across. And you will go to the Old Town. This is the stunner of Rhodes. It is the town built by the Knights Hospitalers during the two hundred years they ruled the island. In 1522 the Turks threw them out. It remains as it was: the most perfect example of a mediaeval town left in Europe. Oh, in spots it has been rather gawkily restored by the Italians, but you won't understand about that; you will simply stand, jaw dropped, and marvel at its gigantic walls, its narrow streets, its palace, its museum, its squares and restaurants and shops. This will take days.

And you can, you will, you must go to Lindos. Lindos, I might as well say it, is the most breathtaking promontory in Greece. It is halfway down the coast, and when you arrive at the town at its base, you will be offered a donkey for the ascent. Take it. Don't be a stalwart American, as I was, and pity a poor little donkey and refuse. You won't get your breath for a week. Anyway, the donkeys need the money. So you arrive, somehow, at the summit of Lindos, a large, terraced, ancient acropolis, crowned by the considerable remains of a temple of Athena.

That is it. You have seen ruins and the sea before, but never in quite such extravagant combination. Athena must have been pleased: with the Parthenon for a town house and Lindos for a country place, she lived well.

BRILLIANT NEW NEUTRAL: THE STAINED-GLASS HANDBAG

Only you, Emilio Pucci . . . the shirts, the shifts, the scarfs . . . and now in the riotous racket of a Pucci print: the wonderfully voyant handbags, opposite. Hand-screened velveteen exploding colour like sun on stained glass—saffron, lavender, emerald, crimson, violet—brilliant as Palio flags. . . . Own several. Wear with all . . . with thick tweeds . . . with slick, shiny, shouting, vinyl . . . with every fur . . . every fabric . . . with everything—everything goes. . . . The makeup that goes, here: more dazzle from Italy. This time, it's the fine hand of Princess Marcella Borghese at the light switch . . . a double-dusting of her eye shadow mist, Platinum Spumante over Blu . . . lips shimmered with two luscious pinks, Pink Spumante and an overcoat of Pearl Spumante . . . final flick of the lights: Tinta Blush in a lovely warmth called Riviera Beige. . . . The handbags—all three will wear sharp black leather edgings for autumn—designed by Pucci for Jana. Double-handled pouch at the top of the deck, about $23. The medicine bag and the feed bag, about $43 each. Gloves by Fuchs. These and the handbags, at Lord & Taylor. Handbags, also at Hudson's; Frost Bros.; Neiman-Marcus. Tattersall dress, by Samuel Robert. Laguna earrings. Coiffure, by Sebou, House of Revlon.

BERT STERN



REVVED UP

California designers come on strong for autumn, with a freshness and dash, an up-to-the-minute quality all their own . . . . though there's nothing "regional" about it. Besides talent and skill, they have a strict regard for good tailoring and first-rate fabrics. . . . On these 16 pages, new clothes from the top Californians: every designer's work differs from every other's, but they have this in common: they all look like Now. Narrow tweed coatdress, tweed hood, left: nothing could look more contemporary, or more delicious. . . . Galanos's coatdress-and-hood continuum, a narrow stroke of charcoal-grey tweed from head to knee. Double-breasted coatdress with four round buttons, a smooth little roll of collar; close-fitting hood of the same tweed, buttoned offside. By Galanos in Agnona wool tweed. Grandoe gloves. All, Bergdorf Goodman. Coatdress and hood, also Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Little-jacket big-skirt suit, in bold plaid, right: one of a group of spirited young suits with small, shapely jackets, skirts that spring into fullness —here, it's done with a burst of pleats. The jacket is high-buttoned, hip-bone-length, with round, narrow sleeves. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, in a slashing brown-and-cream-colour plaid wool. About $230. Mimi di N Maltese cross. All: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin. Pale-mustard suède gloves by Trefousse. Round taupe hat by Emme. For shops in other cities, see page 150.

FOR AUTUMN

THE NEW CLOTHES FROM CALIFORNIA

GORDON PARKS





Fresh from California—two to wear anywhere. Easy overtop, dirndl skirt, right: two-piece dress of wool in a clear, bright canary-yellow that goes into action right now... goes marvellously under furs later (black mink, tobacco-brown lamb)... goes to dinner and a flick, with white gloves, important bracelets. By Georgia Bullock, in textured wool. About $145. At Bloomingdale's; Hutzler's; Rich's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's. Bracelets by Trifari. Coiffure by Taula of the House of Revlon.

Tweed coatdress, fanned into pleats, far right: beautiful shaping in pepper-and-salt tweed—a narrow double-breasted top, skirt that swings out into a fan of pleats. By Helga, in black-and-white wool tweed; about $215. Apex Art earrings. Both, Bergdorf Goodman. Coatdress, also at Julius Garfinckel; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Adolfo fez. On both pages: Kislav gloves.

GORDON PARKS



THE NEW CLOTHES
FROM CALIFORNIA:
THE GREAT LITTLE
WOOL DRESS...
THE TWEED COATDRESS

THE NEW CLOTHES
FROM CALIFORNIA:
SMALL CREPE TOPS,
BIG TWEED DIRNDLS

GORDON PARKS



Little top, dirndl skirt: all narrowness above the waist, all bounce below...two in-the-mainstream day looks from California, for any day now. Small crêpe top, swoosh of tweed skirt, left. Cut with precision—the neat little brown silk crêpe blouse, a soft bow knotted at the throat. Cut with gusto—the full dirndl skirt, buttonless jacket, of blue-and-taupe wool tweed. Add a big, brimmy velvet hat....Suit by William Pearson of Berroco wool, loomed in America. About $165. Sakowitz; Bullock's, Downtown. Cadoro earrings. Black silk shell, tweed dirndl, right: a slick, small top of black silk crêpe with a big pussycat bow—belted closely in black leather above black-and-white tweed, breezily full. . . . Skirt, and short happy jacket, in pebbly wool tweed (Lesur fabric). By Bud Kilpatrick. At Evelyn Byrnes; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Apex Art earrings. Shalimar gloves. Both pages: hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman.



The Cal.-clothes here—a coat, a dress, both based on grey. At the stroke of grey tweed, left, a coat with a beautiful cut, narrow as can be, with a little cuffed ridge for a collar, the pretty fragility of snug sleeves and shoulders. Soft wool tweed, kitten-grey, with a narrow long-sleeved dress of grey wool inside. Couture-West by Stanley Sherman, of Lesur tweed; at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Horne; Battelstein's; Frederick & Nelson. Hattie Carnegie bracelet. Beige felt LBJ by Mr. John. Coiffure by Patrick of the House of Revlon. Checks, a bias skirt-yoke, right, and wonderfully easy good looks—a dress of curry-and-grey wool with a close sweater-shaped top, turtleneck, a dirndl skirt swinging from the bias yoke. By Addie Masters; of Gabbe wool, loomed in America. About $70 at Altman's; Joseph Horne; Himelhoch's; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Taula of the House of Revlon. The gloves on both pages, by Viola Weinberger; Altman's.

GORDON PARKS

THE NEW CLOTHES
FROM CALIFORNIA:
DIRNDL DRESS...
GREY CHECKS...SKIMP
COAT...GREY TWEED





Coat with a widening skirt, right, rounded and sectional, charming in coffee-brown wool with a skirt of the same fabric, a sheer wool overblouse in the same colour. By Gustave Tassell; at Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Trefousse gloves, at Altman's. Tweed dirndl suit, above, of rust-coloured wool with a close-shaped jacket, a wrapped dirndl skirt. By Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture; about $215 at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Joseph Magnin. Plaid dirndl, top left, suit of black-white-blue wool. By Oscar of Beverly Hills; about $200 at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Star of Siam earrings. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Sally Gee scarf. Checked plaid suit, left, in charcoal-grey—a fly-front jacket, wrapped dirndl, blouse of black silk crêpe. Couture-West by Stanley Sherman; Garigue wool; about $235. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Hats, both pages, by Emme.

GORDON PARKS

THE NEW CLOTHES
FROM CALIFORNIA:
COAT FLARED
IN SECTIONS...
SUITS IN PLAID,
TWEED...DIRNDLS



THE NEW CLOTHES FROM CALIFORNIA: PITCH LUSTRE... BLACK-COAL SUIT, MINK-LINED COAT

Here's the pitch black: short, lustred, and coming fast to the point—evening. Lustring after dark, above: the theatre suit in a rich black vein of matelassé jounced to lively width beneath a short jacket, a decided décolletage. Costume by Jean Louis, in Abraham acetate brocade. Schreiner bracelet. All, Bonwit Teller. Dress and jacket, also at Nan Duskin; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Star of Siam necklace. At Henri Bendel. Coiffure for Elizabeth Arden by Guillaume. Pitched over a white mink lining, right: the evening coat—shining black cloqué, single-breasted, belted in back, simple as a raincoat. Coat by Stanley Nelson, of Du Pont nylon (Zepel repeller) and white-dyed mink. Nan Duskin; Gus Mayer. Mimi di N earrings. Kislav glov[illegible] Evening coiffure by Alfredo of Via Ve[illegible]

GORDON PARKS





New season coming up: a zing in the air, a sheaf of cards in the mail . . . and a delicious little black dress or two at the ready. Small wrapped top, dirndl skirt, above: all set for little dinners, restaurant and theatre evenings, Philharmonic Hall . . . a two-piece dress in black crêpe with a wrapped top, full skirt—the top crossed over low at the back, tied with two bows. By Michael Novarese, in silk crêpe. About $225. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer. The black suède gloves on this page, by Trefousse.

Black chenille makes the evening scene, directly right: thick, soft, dense but not heavy, it takes a wonderful deep black, falls into easy, pretty lines . . . bloused top with a wide, deeply V'ed neckline two glittery buttons. By William Pearson, in silk and wool chenille About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Coiffures on this page, by Patrick of the House of Revlon.

The baby-doll dress—tiers of black lace, far right: for evenings when the dinner party's apt to end up at a discothèque. . . . Tier on tier of black lace falling lightly from a strapless top, holding a slender line all the way. By Jean Louis, in Whelan silk lace. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The coiffure by Taula of the House of Revlon. Apex Art earrings. At Bergdorf Goodman. Star of Siam necklaces on both pages. At Henri Bendel.



THE NEW CLOTHES
FROM CALIFORNIA:
THREE SMALL
BLACK DRESSES,
READY AT EIGHT



Clear across evening, lightstruck colo[illegible]
a flash of lime through lace, lig[illegible]
Two-piece lace dinner dress, right: [illegible]
light dappled by white flowers spills s[illegible]
floor—curved to scallops at the hem of [illegible]
ice, gathered to scallops at the hem of [illegible]
White lace over satin, by Stella for [illegible]
Coppola & Toppo jewellery; also at [illegible]
Harem-skirted jersey dinner dr[illegible]
Ripe orange is poured over the body [illegible]
of colour, clasping the bosom [illegible]
yards of liquid folds go into a [illegible]
Helen Rose, in Racine rayon jersey. At [illegible]
Garfinckel; Rich's; Sakowitz; [illegible]
seph Warner bracelet. Capezio [illegible]
Coiffures, both pages: Alfred [illegible]



THE NEW CLOTHES
FROM CALIFORNIA:
LIME SATIN UNDER
LACE...ORANGE JERSEY

GORDON PARKS

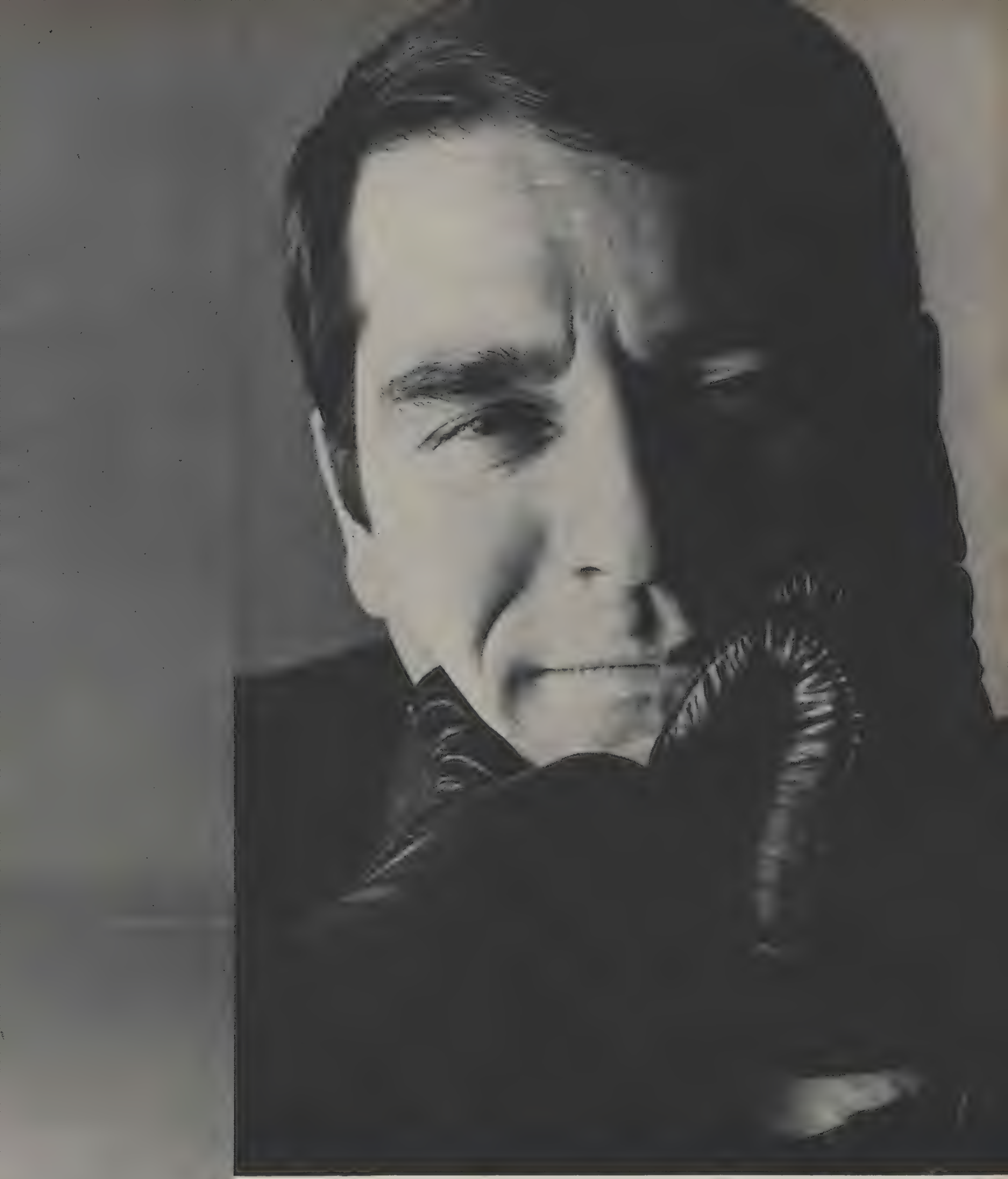
PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

In Paris, people are talking about the fantastic success of the four shown here.

DANIEL FILIPACCHI, *far right,* is not only the publisher of seven magazines, but also the owner of the largest record collection in all Europe, part of which he uses on his radio jazz program, heard six days a week for two hours. (It has been going for six years.) Thirty-eight, big, dark, a former photographer for *Paris-Match,* he is now a celebrity, has the air of a company director, with a style that is less French than dynamically American. His first magazine, *Salut les Copains,* named after his radio program, is the bible of the *yé-yé* set, his others include *Lui,* patterned on *Playboy,* plus *Cahiers du Jazz,* and *Les Cahiers du Cinéma.* Curiously enough, he has little interest in pleasure, success, and money: what he likes is the promotion of his ideas and his business. That promotion these days takes in the preparation of a new magazine, *De Style New Yorker,* and working on a movie, *Salut les Copains.* That is his life: jazz, films, magazines.

JACQUES DEMY, AGNÈS VARDA, AND ROSALIE. This family is movie-struck. Thirty-four-year-old Demy, whose film *Les Parapluies de Cherbourg* won the Louis Delluc prize in 1964, cast his stepdaughter Rosalie as the little girl in the film. This year his wife, known quite simply as Varda, won that prize for her newest film, *Le Bonheur,* a movie superficially poetic but basically cruel, one that shocked people because it set out as a self-evident truth its moral that happiness is inhuman, the enemy of both memory and beautiful sentiments. Varda, whose ancestry is Greek, is a small woman with huge eyes, her temperament distrustful, enthusiastic, serious. Working separately, easily, gaily, Varda-Demy form a brilliant unit.

WILLIAM KLEIN



Daniel Filipacchi

Jacques Demy, Agnès Varda, and Rosalie



FOLIE DÉSERTIQUE

A THOUSAND-AND-ONE-YARD FLING OF TWO PARIS BEAUTIES

Two romantic beauties from Paris, Baronne Thierry van Zuylen and Madame Jean-Claude Abreu, delightedly accepted Vogue's dare: to appear before the Sphinx at an appointed hour and clothe themselves in fantasy wrought with their own hands, their own imagination—from a transport of rich surprises they would find on the Sahara's sands. Off they winged to Cairo and an Egyptian friend, Mlle. Nahed Batanouni. The three camelled out to Gizeh and flung themselves into the act. Awaiting them: bolts and bolts of shimmering cloth from New York, huge hanks of hair from Paris, leotards, makeup, improbable jewellery from Rome. They gilded their bodies with cloth of gold, painted their skin with savage, silken colour, whorled great turbans to strange and splendid heights, and furled yards of silver-shivered light into a single, enveloping sweep. Their enthralled *folie*, spun out to exotic lengths on the desert, unfolds on these six pages. *Opposite:* Madame Jean-Claude Abreu mantled in silver over silver, her Purdah eyes ivory-lidded. Argenté leotard. Body-sweeping turban, in silver shot with white, of rayon and Mylar by Kaplan. *Right:* Wrapped in gold against the Sahara night. Madame Abreu reflects the burnishing firelight in a brilliance of molten cloth. Golden leotard. Turban, dropped from dazzling heights to gild the body; metallic gold and silk by C. Hirsch. Leotards by Ulla, of elastic and Mylar (Gladstone fabric). About $60 each. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue.



LEOMBRUNO-RODI



FOLIE DÉSERTIQUE



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

FOLIE DÉSERTIQUE

The exotic musical contempt of high-fashion people came to the East from the Salons of Paris, Rome, New York, & the Riviera. Baroness Thérèse von Zeyben's wild Ring of Fantasia [illegible] the strong-eyed gaze of the [illegible] dress with a veil of the head, pure silk [illegible] silk, kaftan, caftan, many layers of fine brocaded cotton. Frenzied Lapses [illegible] [illegible] by the Moorish Palace, steam [illegible] Bridge Avenue. Hairpieces by Alexandre Reche. The [illegible] and Baroness von Zeyben at rest in the crowd. Lush opening the Grand Prix and The Baroness's fashion, a splendid outfit of gold [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] an explosive veil of Paisley threaded with [illegible] and gold. Turban, in [illegible] silk and linen, [illegible] by Kandahar. The [illegible] puppet [illegible] by Society of Women, and the makeup [illegible] by Jack Hall.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



MR. BILL D. MOYERS, *left,* with his children, wears power with stunning youth and modesty. "Moyers is the greatest influence for good in the Administration," a newsman said. The President's staff coordinator, thirty-one-year-old Bill Moyers is, among other things (including press secretary), a generalist: his job in any area "to give honest opinions." Serious, direct, the smile lines around his blue eyes masked by glasses, he heads for work at 7:30 A.M. in a car with a two-way radio to the White House, reading, on the way, eleven newspapers. ("I read in digest," he explained.) A twelve-hour Moyers workday includes ninety-odd telephone calls, a half-dozen meetings, ends in a late return to his small brick house and pretty, ice-cream-complexioned wife. Moyers, who grew up in Texas and has a Bachelor of Divinity degree, is a practical idealist. He deals with "politics as means . . . knowing which button to push."

MR. TOM WICKER, Washington bureau head of *The New York Times,* who lives with his son, *right, above,* daughter, and bright-minded wife, has a catbird seat on what fascinates him: 1. the American political system; 2. the people in it. At thirty-nine, this pipe-smoking, russet North Carolinian runs Washington's largest newspaper bureau, gets there by walking three miles, often with James Reston. Author of seven books (three, mystery novels), Tom Wicker writes, as if through binoculars, with detachment and detail. "In a sense newsmen are like politicians," he said. "Our failures—our triumphs—are public ones."

MR. AND MRS. C. WYATT DICKERSON, *right, below,* with their children, balance the best of Washington: involvement vs. a good-life repose. She is NBC's Nancy Dickerson, with two daily network news shows: one television, one radio. Hard-working at hard work, with her wide smile, her wild-honey voice, she has—and depends on—a hive of friends, nonstop ideas. "People like it when you get angry," she said. He is president of an investment company, has renovated this house, "Merrywood," set breathtakingly above the Potomac. What Dickerson days need is simply more time.

WASHINGTON CODE: ZIP

A SNAP REPORT ON THE GENERATION NOW AT "PEAK ENERGY, PEAK IDEAS"—NONE OVER FORTY YEARS OLD—THESE ARE THE HOT PLAYERS, BETTORS, PROMOTERS IN AMERICA'S BIGGEST, FASTEST GAME: POLITICS.... IN WASH., D.C., "MOST PEOPLE'S BUSINESS IS ALSO THEIR SPORT."



BRUCE DAVIDSON





WASHINGTON CODE: A SPILL OF IDEALISM, JOKES, WATCHFUL CAUTION . . . A FRESH BURST OF MEN FROM THE SOUTHWEST . . . POWER SWINGERS OFTEN HOUSED IN SUBURBS TOO NEW TO BE ON MAPS . . . TWELVE-HOUR WORK-DAYS . . . TALK: "KENNEDY BROUGHT THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE; JOHNSON, THE REFORMATION." . . . "THE WHITE HOUSE DOMINATES ALL." . . . "THIS CITY IS HEADY WINE."

SENATOR AND MRS. JOSEPH D. TYDINGS (Democrat, Maryland), *above*, with their three blond children, ricochet between Washington and their Maryland farm with its pacy outdoor life. Mrs. Tydings, a beautiful, leggy woman with ash-blond hair, plays competition tennis, hunts, and, in season, campaigns for her husband. Thirty-seven, tall, inquisitive, with Kennedy energy, Senator Tydings was, at one time, the nation's youngest U. S. Attorney. He cares, especially, about public service standards, the responsibilities of the various states. A fact collector, he knows he gets 350 letters and thirty-one invitations a day. Phone calls—uncountable; Senator Tydings said, "I'm only ten cents away from constituents."

DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL AND MRS. RAMSEY CLARK, *left*, have swing, a Texan ease. He looks like a Western star, drives to work in a convertible jalopy. Son of Supreme Court Justice Tom C. Clark, Ramsey Clark wants to reorganize, speed up Federal Courts; his closest concern, civil rights—in bulk, a minor part of the department's work. With their two children, he and Mrs. Clark, a sunlit blonde, live on a Virginia lake. Ramsey Clark, who seldom gets home before nine, said: "If I were reincarnated, I'd be a housewife, here."

MR. ROWLAND EVANS, JUNIOR, *above, right*, with one of his two children, is half each of two good teams. With Robert Novak he writes "Inside Report," a canny newspaper column in the New York *Herald Tribune* and



124 other papers. With his wife, an attractive redhead with attractive wits, he forms one of the best-known, best-liked couples in Washington. "Inside Report," which has the pace of a prizefight announcer, is written alternately by Evans and Novak, except for one day when each thought it was the other's turn. Mr. Evans, who looks like Lord Peter Wimsey without his monocle, knows the Washington keyholes. MR. GEORGE STEVENS, JUNIOR, *below*, lives, thinks, makes movies. As Director of Motion Picture Services for the United States Information Agency, he produces—from a large office with a TV set, a Remington bronze, a signed photograph of Carl Sandburg, and banana Metrecal—six hundred films a year for showing in 105 countries, none the United States. Son of the famous Hollywood director, George Stevens believes, simply, that quality begets audiences, sells America. *Nine from Little Rock* won an Academy Award; the admirable *John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums* may win approval from Congress to be exhibited in this country. For fun, George Stevens, if he's not playing paddle tennis with Art Buchwald, shows movies. "In film-making," he said, "the greatest sin is to bore."



BRUCE DAVIDSON

WASHINGTON CODE: "EXCITING ALWAYS"... THE DISCREET BLACK WHITE-HOUSE CARS, WITH THEIR ENGINES ALWAYS RUNNING; BLACK PHONES, OPERATED BY THE SIGNAL CORPS, WITH DIRECT WIRES TO THE WHITE HOUSE... "WE KEEP SAYING, THIS ONE EVENING WE WON'T TALK POLITICS, BUT WE DO."... "I WANT TO LIVE AND DIE RIGHT HERE."

BRUCE DAVIDSON

MR. AND MRS. TYLER ABELL, *opposite, above,* with their two sons, are fixed in Washington like jewels in a watch. Assistant Postmaster General at thirty-three, Mr. Abell has a soft-sell passion for his department, which he knows from the special mailers for bees to the new, self-service post offices that he conceived. (These $10.000 gizmos. which look like matings of road stand and vending machine. are on trial.) Mrs. Abell is Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson's social secretary. Tall, blond, as resilient as a willow, she may be at her best distracting a cross child while instructing her gardener while telling funny tidbits to her husband. who has been away on a trip. while stepping into a White-House car to handle a large, imminent gathering. Simultaneously. For fun, the Abells sail. In any weather, it's calm out there.

MR. JOHN CARTER BROWN, *opposite, below,* a lean, learned thirty-year-old, is Assistant Director of the National Gallery of Art, in charge of educational activities. Receiving these services: three million Americans a year. Mr. Brown, who talks about works of art as if they were zippy party guests, helped plan this September's big Copley exhibition. thought of having the child in the centre of "The Copley Family," shown behind him here, reproduced on a five-cent stamp. Bolstered with pleasing facts ("We own twenty-four Rembrandts") he, with others, oversees a three-legged race between the government, the art world, the taxpayer. He's ahead when it's a draw.

MR. RICHARD N. GOODWIN, *above,* who looks, talks, and attacks cigars like a handsome Groucho Marx, is credited with coining this phrase: The Great Society. At thirty-three a Special Assistant to the President, he has worked on the President's most impressive recent speeches. Souped-up with energy that hasn't slowed since he finished Harvard Law School first in his class, Richard Goodwin may come home in the evening to his calm, sure-minded wife, get on the White-House phone, as engrossed as a teen-ager talking to his girl, work until three A.M. A Kennedy find, he jumped the spark-gap to Johnson effortlessly. Admiring each, Richard Goodwin said, "You can not hide the essential truth about people."

MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH KRAFT, *right,* are whetstones for Washington young shots. Mr. Kraft, who writes a syndicated newspaper column as well as a monthly article for *Harper's Magazine,* speaks, partly in show-biz jargon, with equivalent dazzle. His journalistic philosophy is to see as many pivotal people as often as possible, on any side. (To report Algeria, he lived with the F.L.N.) To help him report Washington, Mrs. Kraft, a strawberry blonde with tortoiseshell eyes, runs their Georgetown house-office as an open talk shop. They love the life. Mr. Kraft said, "It's like having a license to throw snowballs at top hats."





What's afoot? A nifty discovery that's the making of new shoes in the picture now: Corfam, a material so protean it can be napped, grained, glazed—taking anything as its pattern. It wears well, breathes easily, steps lightly, holds its shape against all odds, comes clean at the touch of a cloth, shrugs at weather. *Right:* A gartered sweater, giddy *art nouveau* colour and—strapped sandals in grainy Corfam. Wool jersey sweater by Robert Sloan. About $28. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Bonnie Doon stockings. At Sakowitz. Delman shoes. About $65. To order: Bergdorf Goodman.

Far right: Gartered sweater stripes come across big—above vertical stripelings. The accent: a brogue in glazed black Corfam, piped and heeled in red. Wool jersey gartered sweater by Sportwhirl. About $18. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Stretch nylon stockings by Berkshire. At Bloomingdale's. Shining black brogues, about $40. Fiorentina.

FEET FIRST

A DO-ALL, BE-ALL DISCOVERY THAT WALKS RIGHT INTO THE FUTURE — HERE AND ON THE NEXT FOUR PAGES



PENN



Coming together now, *far left*, the shoe and stocking just made for each other—in a miniature Persian print. Bowknot shoe, silvery green on beige Corfam. About $45. I. Miller, N. Y.; Harzfeld's. Hudson gold and black nylon stockings. I. Miller. A lively length of leg, *left*—given the give of a gartered sweater, a crochet stocking. Paisley T-strapped sandal of Corfam. Sportwhirl sweater, of black wool jersey. About $17. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Christian Dior nylon stretch stockings. Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Neiman-Marcus. Shoes by Customcraft; $24. Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN



Dancing attention on pretty legs, *left*, black-eyed daisies in exuberant array: black against matte beige—a knotted sandal making its point smoothly in Corfam. Nylon stockings by Round-the-Clock. Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson. Julianelli shoes. About $36. At Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny. Getting a lift from a black gartered sweater, *opposite*, black South Sea flowers tattoo the white, stockinged leg. Exclamation point: a strapped sling sandal in shiny black Corfam, reptile in print. Korrigan knitted acetate sweater. About $50. Bergdorf Goodman. Kayser printed nylon stockings. Delman shoes; about $65. To order at Bergdorf Goodman.



PENN



FEET FIRST: SILVER SNAKESKIN COURT PUMP... CARRIAGE BOOT 1965

A courtly little jewelled pump, *left*, in surprise reptile. Also in full glitter—shot-silver stockings, silvery knit. Pyjamas by Stiletto; Antron nylon (Fair-Tex fabric) $38. Bloomingdale's. Nylon stockings: Charles of the Ritz. Altman's; Frost Bros. Silver snakeskin shoes, about $65. To order: Saks Fifth Ave. Laced with high excitement, *right*, grey suède carries the day—with black patent leather to boot, over oyster-coloured crochet socks. Lady Exeter socks of Dacron, cotton, stretch nylon. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Herbert Levine shoes. About $50. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.

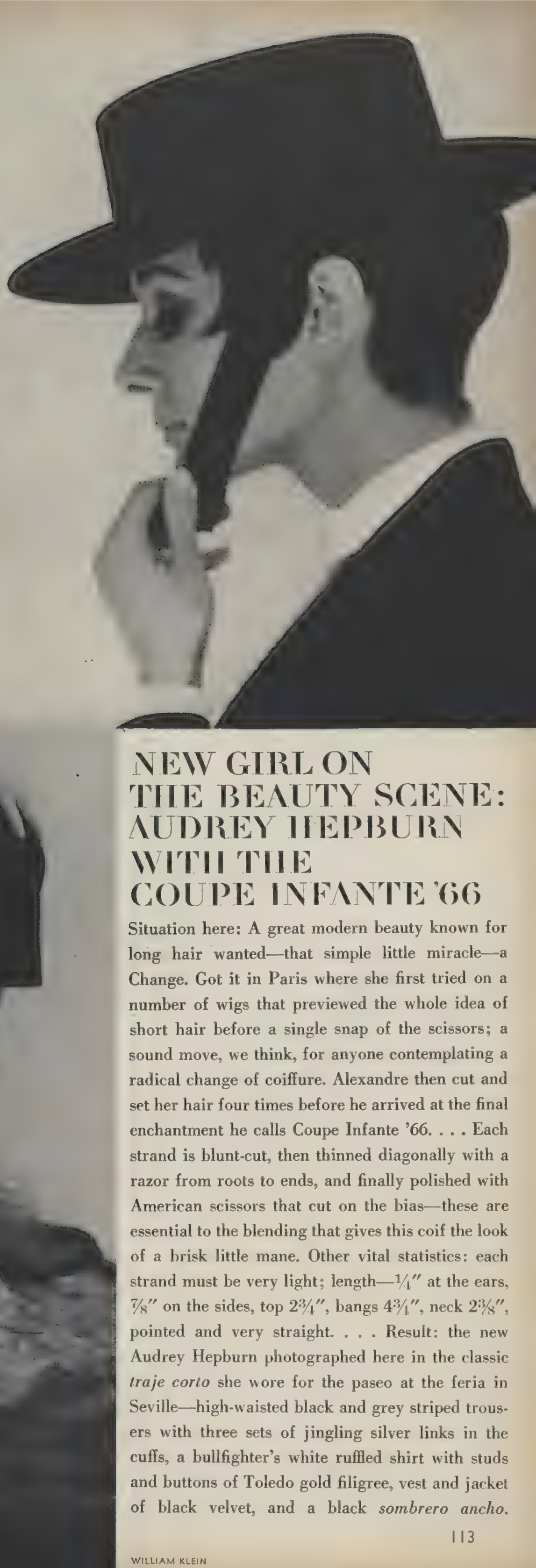


PENN



BEAUTY
bulletin





NEW GIRL ON THE BEAUTY SCENE: AUDREY HEPBURN WITH THE COUPE INFANTE '66

Situation here: A great modern beauty known for long hair wanted—that simple little miracle—a Change. Got it in Paris where she first tried on a number of wigs that previewed the whole idea of short hair before a single snap of the scissors; a sound move, we think, for anyone contemplating a radical change of coiffure. Alexandre then cut and set her hair four times before he arrived at the final enchantment he calls Coupe Infante '66. . . . Each strand is blunt-cut, then thinned diagonally with a razor from roots to ends, and finally polished with American scissors that cut on the bias—these are essential to the blending that gives this coif the look of a brisk little mane. Other vital statistics: each strand must be very light; length—¼″ at the ears, ⅞″ on the sides, top 2¾″, bangs 4¾″, neck 2⅜″, pointed and very straight. . . . Result: the new Audrey Hepburn photographed here in the classic *traje corto* she wore for the paseo at the feria in Seville—high-waisted black and grey striped trousers with three sets of jingling silver links in the cuffs, a bullfighter's white ruffled shirt with studs and buttons of Toledo gold filigree, vest and jacket of black velvet, and a black *sombrero ancho.*

WILLIAM KLEIN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

MORE ABOUT HAIR: HAIRCUT WITH ITS OWN NEW NOT-CUT

Situation here: She had very good hair, even a little body involved in it. At best, she could get to the hairdresser only once a week, and she liked to manage things herself in a pinch. So Kenneth handled it this way. Gave her a body-permanent wave on the theory that there's no set that you can't get more out of if there's some body in its background. Provided her with a neat cut for day (left) and the leeway to add more hair at night (right). Very susceptible to hairpiecing (that's a long switch appended at right), the cut makes several strong points: Forehead swept bare of bangs. Small head, but with standaway height for flattery. Unlayered at back, but also unblunt, and pleasantly feathered by brushing.... Adaptable, agreed.... Now, how livable with?... After these two photographs were taken, the mannequin doused herself in a shower to see if her haircut would get along swimmingly so to speak. Did get along swimmingly. Hair looked as it should after a swim: straight. Only the least bit of wavy tremulousness at the tip of each strand suggested there'd been a permanent wave....All this charm, by Kenneth....Necklaces at left by Star of Siam, at Henri Bendel. Pin at right by Schreiner, at Bonwit Teller.

PENN

BARGAINS IN CHIC



Wide stripes, short glitter, shadow checks, handfuls of flowers—four charming young evening shapes, prices to match. **$125** glittered to a T. *near left:* iridescent T-dress—small, short, shimmering rosily for evening...sequins and paillettes on pink rayon chiffon. By Gene Shelly. Neusteters; Bullock's, Pasadena. Hansen gloves. K.J.L. earrings. Shoes at I. Miller. **$70** The asymmetric dress, solid geometry. *lower left:* one bared shoulder, giant black and white bands spiraling the body. By Wilroy, of wool jersey. At Henri Bendel. Marvella earrings. **$100** ivory checkerboard. *near right:* woven squares of ivory on ivory, bias on top, straight to the ankle; one rose at the throat. By Ben Barrack, of rayon and silk (Jeri fabric). Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Kislav gloves. Stanley Philipson shoes. **$100** at home with geraniums. *right:* neat, bright geraniums on a field of geranium-red cotton velveteen...very prim and pretty with a high Empire waist, long tight sleeves, ruffles over wrist and ankle. By Anne Fogarty. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel. K.J.L. earrings. The shoes by Capezio. On these eight pages: coiffures by Alfredo of Via Veneto.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

HERE AND ON THE
NEXT SIX PAGES:
REAL FASHION FINDS–
YOUNG AND SMASHING



$30 small price, small dress, great good looks, *left:* body-skimming charcoal grey with low-slung pockets, little chopped sleeves—and check out those earrings and stockings. By Evan-Picone, of worsted and Orlon. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Charles Jourdan shoes. Earrings by Charles Elkaim. **$55** basic geometry, *above:* stark white with bold strokes of black to emphasize clean lines, the little raised waist. By Kip Carpenter for Saks Fifth Avenue, of diagonal wool. Berkshire stockings. Golo boots. John Frederics hat. **$90** goes for a coat, *below,* with a charming schoolgirl air about it—double-breasted charcoal wool, ruffed and rimmed with a fat woolly band. By Junior Vanguard, of Anglo wool. At Bonwit Teller. The shoes by Charles Jourdan. John Frederics hat.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

BARGAINS IN CHIC

$55 dinner-dressing, *near left:* cut-velvet dots scattered on black silk organza . . . billowy sleeves held tight at the wrist, demure neck plunged down the back. By Maraventano. Best & Co.; Julius Garfinckel. K. J. L. earrings. Christian Dior stockings. Ferragamo shoes. **$25** in the black, *right:* gleamy matelassé, lightly shaped, with short dolman sleeves . . . terrific with a rope of bogus pearls tossed around the neck, looped over one arm. By R & K, of acetate and rayon. At Gimbels, New York; Miller & Rhoads. Valjean necklaces. Prestige stockings. Herbert Levine shoes. Hat by Emme. **$125** mink-edged security, *below:* Empire-shaped dress of polished black brocade, cut out in a flattering sweep of décolletage; tiny sleeves cuffed with rolls of black-dyed mink. By Bob Bugnand for Sam Friedlander, of acetate, rayon, cotton, and nylon (Kaplan fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue. Little fez of black-dyed mink, by Irene of New York. All gloves on these two pages are by Wear-Right.



BARGAINS IN CHIC



$145 buys everything in the window, *far left, above.* Windowpane checks in grey and white line a dashing grey coat of double-faced wool. Under it, a charcoal-grey wool dress, short-sleeved. By David Crystal. In September, at Altman's. Garay belt. Emme hat. Golo boots. **$40** for a stroll in the heather, *far left, below.* Two-piece dress in heathery green, nicely detailed as a suit—straight single-breasted jacket, raglan sleeves, little rolled collar; A-shaped skirt. By Nantucket Naturals, in a blend of Arnel and Avril (Crown fabric). At Altman's. Hansen gloves. Evins gaiters of Corfam. **$65**—small price for the smallest dress, *centre left:* short, smooth stroke of pale-grey wool with gored skirt, tiny set-in sleeves, its own fling of jacket. By Rona. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. Van Raalte gaiters. Mr. John hat. **$90,** *near left, above:* no plaid stamps with this, but plenty of good-looking plaid—four little pieces of bias wool in red and blue, high-waisted, with a widened skirt; narrow single-breasted jacket, long cigarette-slim sleeves. By Louis Féraud, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Capezio shoes. **$80** for outstanding checks, *near left, below.* Grey-on-grey checked wool tweed suit with a big credit balance—new longer (5-button) demi-fitted jacket, bias welt trimming; swingy box-pleated skirt. By Bardley. At Best & Co. Kidskin tie belt by Ben-King. Emme hat. Hansen gloves. Gaiters handknitted by Paige Williams. **$26** for a creamy deal, *right.* Small and narrow dress of cream wool jersey, belted low, slashed with welt seaming in front; in back, there's a high yoke. By Leslie Fay, of wool jersey. At Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Downtown. The wide-brimmed hat of beige felt by Mr. John. Stockings by Berkshire in a chicken-wire pattern. Strapped beige shoes by Evins.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

YOUNG BRITISH FASHION

The big boom of young British fashion ideas is reverberating straight across the U.S.A. now... real fashion finds in kicky clothes with lots of verve, lots of fun. **$25** mint of green, *left:* crisscrossed and dotty on a swing of pale-beige cotton jersey with hidden pockets just where fingers tip. Great with bright, diamondy knee socks, double-strapped schoolgirl shoes. Mary Quant dress, of Alamac fabric. Best & Co. Bonnie Doon socks of Orlon, Dacron, and Tycora nylon. Evins shoes. **$18**—tiny tariff, tiny dress, big fashion. *below:* the smallest smock in pale-blue crêpe with high yoke, little puffed and banded baby sleeves. By Tuffin & Foale, of Celanese acetate and rayon. Junior sizes. Best & Co. Beautiful Bryans circle-y stockings. Herbert Levine shoes. **$23**—culotte, *near right,* of blue wool flannel stitched in white, belted low... jump, zip, go. By Mary Quant. At Best & Co. Golo boots. **$18**—pure geometry, *upper right:* black crêpe shift with a dazzling white yoke and wrist bands. Geometrics to wear with it: black-and-white square earrings, white checked stockings. Dress by Tuffin & Foale, of Celanese acetate and rayon. Junior sizes. At Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Charles Elkaim earrings. Beautiful Bryans stockings. Herbert Levine shoes. **$25**—coin collection, *lower right-hand corner:* cranberry shilling-dots sprinkled on pale-beige cotton jersey hip-belted on a cranberry dirndl. Mary Quant (Alamac fabric). Best & Co.; Sanger-Harris. Bonnie Doon socks. Evins shoes. Mary Quant dresses designed for Barnsville; Tuffin & Foale, for Daphne.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

BARGAINS IN CHIC

BARGAINS IN CHIC

The smallest suit *left*, in a marvellous grey-and-white tweed with a white linen turtleneck blouse; mothball buttons hold the tight little jacket snug to the body. Short skirt slightly gathered, with a wide panel front. Great to wear with a grey felt Hungarian-cowboy hat, leggy white gaiters snapped against white textured stockings. Vogue Pattern 6600. Suit fabric by Landau, of wool and nylon; at Bloomingdale's. Hat by Mr. John.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI

Wraparound look, *left*, double-breasted in wool-white wicker-weave—wide V-neck, armholes cut in to bare shoulders; easy dirndl skirt with two slit pockets. Not shown: a short, lightly shaped jacket, long-sleeved, double-breasted. Vogue Pattern 1484, designed by Christian Dior. Of wool and nylon. Hat: Irene of New York. Aris gloves. Berkshire stockings. Gaiters, shoes of Corfam by Evins. Coiffures: Alfredo, Via Veneto. *Other views, details, see page 147.*

THE KNIT SHIRT: NEW ZING



Slippery knit, *left:* black-and-white Op stripes slicked into hip-slung *pattes d'éléphant* pants of black vinyl... everything gleamy as a wet suit. By Lady Manhattan, of Caprolan nylon (print designed by Julian Tomchin for Maxwell fabric). About $9. Shirt at Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Dayton's; Roos-Atkins.

Unsleeved polo shirt, *near right,* of white knitted cotton with a small collar, neat placket neck. Added dash—polo helmet of white velours, little silk leopard hip-sarong, black dancing slippers. By Lady Arrow. About $4. At Altman's. Doro scarf: Bonwit Teller.

Button-down knit, *far right:* polo shirt plus...button-down collar, shirt-cuffed sleeves...the zing of wool-white with shiny black vinyl. By Ship 'n Shore, of Orlon and wool. About $4. At Stern Bros.; Joseph Horne; Frederick & Nelson. Both pages: Aris gloves; Bonwit Teller. These four pages: black pants by Ulla (Cohn-Hall-Marx vinyl). About $23; Bonwit Teller. Capezio shoes: Bloomingdale's. Hats by Adolfo. Coiffures by Sebou of the House of Revlon. Extras on the scene: string-bean lean sculptures in black and white vinyl, by William King.

PENATI



THE KNIT SHIRT: NEW SNAP

Navy-blue knit, *near right:* supple, moulded, moving with the body; snugged into *pattes d'éléphant* pants of slicker-yellow vinyl. Shirt of SuPima cotton jersey (Jasco fabric). About $30. Jax. Greta handbag: Henri Bendel. Tucked-front shirt, *far right:* linear little white wool knit. Add a narrow black tie, gaucho hat, vinyl hip-pants...snap: the long lithe look of a dancer. By Macshore. $9. Bonwit Teller. Both pages: Viola Weinberger gloves.







IRAN

A LAND OF SUPERLATIVES PUSHING INTO THE FUTURE— TEN PAGES OF PERSIAN SPLENDOURS



A GLORY OF BLUENESS—AT ISFAHAN THE BLUE-SHADOWED MOUNTAINS AND THE MOSQUES, LIKE VEILED PEACOCKS, BURSTING WITH MANY BLUES, TURQUOISE AND LAPIS LAZULI, HERE ON THE DOME OF MASJID-I-SHAH.

H. C. SEHERR-THOSS

IRAN

ISFAHAN'S MOSQUES ALMOST DROWN IN BLUES; HERE THE PURPLE-BLUES, THE TURQUOISE-BLUES OF THE FABULOUS INTERIOR DOME OF THE MOSQUE, MASJID-SHEIK-LUTFULLAH.

H. C. SEHERR-THOSS





IRAN

Its magic, its Imperial Family, the drama of its crown jewels

By Lesley Blanch

Iran—the land of the Aryans—the Persia of legend, stands at the crossroads of the world, where the winds blowing across the wastes still carry echoes of Darius the Great and Tamerlane. Here all is extreme, fiery, icy, brilliant, obscure, sumptuous, dilapidated. . . .

From greatness to decay, by lassitude and violence, the pendulum of Persian history has swung through three thousand years. But now, led by one man, it swings forward—only forward. The Emperor, Mohammed Reza, Shahanshah of Iran, is that man. Beside him stands the young Empress, or Shabanou, Farah, a fitting queen for this land which has always spelled beauty to the rest of the world and now sounds another, more urgent note.

Women's enfranchisement, agrarian reforms, dam-building, fine new hospitals—that of Shiraz is held to be outstanding in the Middle East—the pioneer work of the Shah's own Illiteracy Corps, child welfare centres and veterinary clinics, too, are all, like supermarkets, drive-in cinemas, Coca-Cola signs, or double-decker red London buses, part of the new spirit of Iran. Yet, its legendary past, its abiding loveliness are still its strongest lure; and we marvel more at a minaret than at a television tower.

Throughout the ages, beauty has been the birthright and treasured inheritance of this country. Loveliest of all its cities, Isfahan, "the Versailles of Persia," which I remember André Malraux describing to me as "a boudoir set down in the steppes." "O Isfahan, thou art half the World," goes the proud Persian saying. "And all of Beauty," adds the traveller, as the plane, skimming a ring of mountains, circles the turquoise domes to land in a whole new dimension—that of colour, of blueness. Here the bricks and stones of architecture are transposed into terms of turquoise, lapis lazuli, sapphire, and cerulean. Here form and proportion, each perfectly achieved in itself, are overcome by colour. Even at night colour does not desert Isfahan, and its great mosques gleam like veiled peacocks.

Everywhere in Iran the quality of light is devouring, so that nature is bleached out; it is, I believe, this dust-coloured earth, and harsh rock landscape which have led man to those orgies of colour and intricate design found in the carpets, flower-strewn miniatures, and tiles of Persian tradition. So, too, the fabulous, diamond-like mirror mosaic decorations known as *eyneh-khari,* so dazzling, so typically Persian, may be said to derive from the craving of an arid (Continued on page 137)

IN THE DIAMOND ROOM OF THE MARBLE PALACE, H.I.M. THE SHAH MOHAMMED REZA AND H.I.M. THE SHABANOU FARAH WITH THE CROWN PRINCE REZA AND PRINCESS FARAHNAZ

BRUCE DAVIDSON



land for water. *Eyneh-khari* is found everywhere, in palaces, popular restaurants, or shrines, shimmering crystallization of myriad dewdrops—apotheosis of water, the precious giver of life and prosperity. True, there is a more prosaic explanation, for *eyneh-khari* is said to derive from a European mirror, ordered for some palace long ago, which arrived shattered. The Persians, believing the fragments to be its correct form, plastered them into the wall and have kept it that way ever since. But I prefer my own theory.

Isfahan is one of the few cities with water in abundance, and the enamelled domes and minarets gleam among bouquets of foliage, chenars, the giant plane trees of Asia, poplars, and cypresses. . . . Here the river is spanned by curious arcaded bridges, devised as much for pleasure as practical use: niches and upper-storeyed alcoves, pavilions of love, once framed Shah Abbas and his Safavid court while they feasted and fondled their gazelle-eyed houris. And down in the dark depths of the bazaar, barometer of the city's mood, then, as now, carpets being woven and sold, pyramids of spices, saffron, attar of roses, pomegranate juice, and the appalling din of the coppersmiths. . . . Now, as then.

Everywhere, pools, or *houz,* reflecting beauty. The Chehel Sotoon, or Palace of the Forty Pillars (which in fact has less, but then the reflections are counted; besides, forty is a magical number in Persian belief), the Turquoise Palace, the Palace of the Eight Paradises . . . all legends of loveliness, all their pillared, painted, and mirror-work *talars,* verandahs, or halls of audience giving on to enclosed gardens, secret worlds of greenness unsuspected from the narrow lanes beyond. In city and countryside alike, high mud walls enclose beauty jealously, as once the heavy *chaddors* veiled and concealed the women's beauty. The *houz,* or pool, is everywhere, from the smallest basin in an unkempt backyard to a fountained perspective. And over a wide expanse of water, such as that of the Maidan, the Imperial Square of Isfahan, where once the young bloods played polo (with the heads of their enemies it was whispered), these vast expanses of dark green water give depth, seeming to anchor the aerial, soaring buildings all around.

Which is loveliest? Impossible to say. The rare cream-tiled dome of the Ladies' Mosque is opalescent; the sublime Masjid-i-Shah seems to blind the beholder to all else; the lofty elegance of the Ali-Qapou, or Royal Pavilion, with its alcoved, fretted music rooms, pink and white beside so much blueness, and its labyrinth of newly discovered secret cells, designed for love or crime—each in turn overpowers us with its beauty and each in turn is given back from pools, swaying against cloudless skies, impossibly lovely. . . . And then, looking up, they are there, before us in reality, and the marvelling begins again.

Newcomers to Iran should, ideally, first visit Isfahan, then Shiraz and other cities of the provinces, wandering golden roads. Only Teheran, the capital and pivot point for tourism, strikes, at first, an unlovely note. But then, only forty years ago it was an Oriental huddle, the city gates shut at nightfall, there were few public services, the women thickly veiled, and the main shopping streets divided, women's shops one side, men's the other, to ensure segregation of the sexes. Now all is changed, stepped up into an imposed, breathless modernity. Nevertheless, it is far from flavourless, even with such acceleration. It is violently itself, and you must like it or leave it. I came to love it. In spite of its thrusting urban sprawl, its neon-lit, traffic-jammed streets where once the camels plodded the ancient silk routes between Europe and China, Teheran has a way of getting under your skin. Its attraction is difficult to define. Climate? Sparkling frost or simmering heat; no miasmic damp. Assuaging comforts: caviar? (Sturgeon are now favouring the Iranian rather than Russian shores of the Caspian, I was told.) The richness and variety of the museums? Highly flavoured small restaurants and odd night dives like the Shokufeh-Now, a rumbustious family- (Continued on page 144)

AMONG THE CROWN JEWELS OF IRAN:
FAR LEFT, THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE, AN EXTRAVAGANZA IN GEMS.
TOP LEFT, THE PAHLEVI CROWN OF THE SHAH.
CENTRE, THE NADIR THRONE, SOLID GOLD, JEWEL-STUDDED.
BOTTOM, THE KIYANI CROWN, OLDEST IN THE REGALIA.

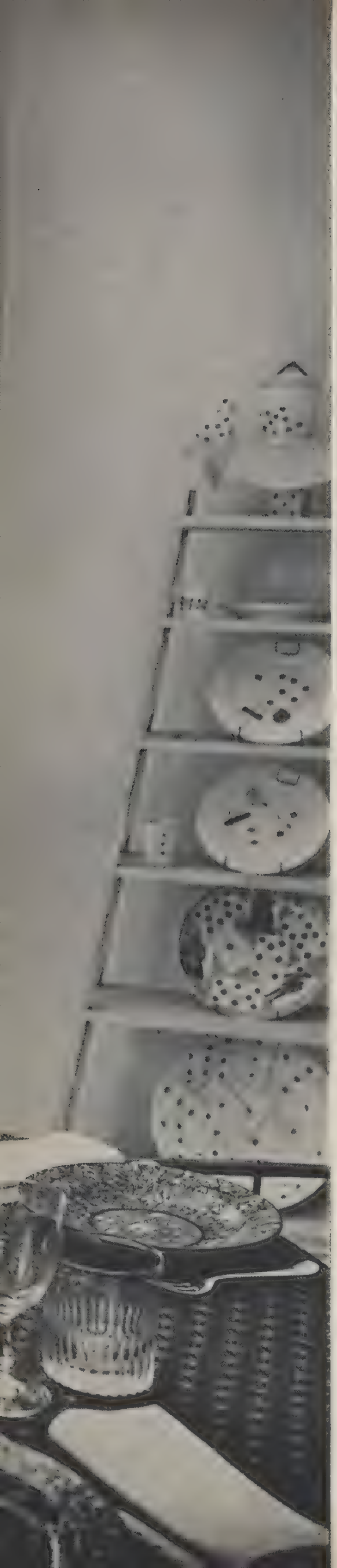
BRUCE DAVIDSON



IN THE HOUSE
OF STRENGTH:
ATHLETES,
CHANTING AGE-OLD
PRAYERS, PERFORM
STUPENDOUS
FEATS IN A MYSTIC-
MUSCULAR EXALTATION
OF PATRIOTISM.

BRUCE DAVIDSON





Jean Schlumberger, the master jeweller, lives in New York City in a small frame house that brings to mind a rural Southern town. The paint is grey, the trim white, three white pillars guard a wooden porch; only the rockers are missing. Inside, the rooms are arranged simply, harmoniously. In the white-walled kitchen, thick, unfinished wood covers the counters. On the shelves stand a few objects: a silver cream pitcher in the shape of a cow; two apothecary jars, one filled with vanilla beans, the other with sticks of cinnamon; a wine bottle planted with a bouquet of tarragon. In the living room, high-ceilinged and tranquil, I sat on what appeared an innocent armchair; I was suddenly thrown backwards. "Don't worry, it stops," said Jean Schlumberger, in a quiet, amused voice. "It is really a very agreeable chair." We laughed together and began talking food.

"I have a rather special life as far as food is concerned," he said. "I spend three months a year in this house; during this time I do the cooking and marketing myself. I spend three more months in Paris at the Brighton, a hotel which has no restaurant, so I always eat out. Then I go to Guadeloupe in the French Antilles where I have a house with a cook, a maid, and a gardener—there my responsibility is solely making the menus and marketing for pleasure. That makes three very different cuisines because—make no mistake—there *is* an American cuisine.

"In New York, I like to make *pigeons crapaudine;* that's fairly simple. I make *oeufs en gelée* with Campbell's Soup; pheasant stuffed with Philadelphia Cream Cheese. I also make *moules marinière* with champagne. I have a case of champagne splits—they are not, really, very good—this is a way to use them up. Let me show you my cellar. That's something rare, in New York. . . ."

We went down narrow stairs into the basement. Carefully, Jean Schlumberger took from the racks beautiful bottles covered with a particularly appetizing dust. Much Swiss white wine, Fendant and Neuchâtel, also many Bordeaux and something that particularly pleases Jean Schlumberger—a Cheval-Blanc—St.-Émilion '55, a present from Jacqueline Kennedy. "The Wildenstein exhibition of my jewels in 1961," he said, "was officially opened by the First Lady; afterwards we came here for dinner. A Russian friend helped me that night—we had borscht, cutlets Pojarsky . . . and I don't remember what else. To thank me, Jacqueline Kennedy sent me this wine."

I asked him about Guadeloupe. "We eat mostly fish," he said, "though the native dishes are those of northern France: lentils and pork, split peas and sausages, *morue en brandade.* I like clams served as a shashlik with bacon and onions, grilled over coconut leaves. The land crabs are marvellous. We made excellent soufflés out of them; instead of regular milk, the cook uses coconut milk."

In Guadeloupe Schlumberger is no longer chef; "but the greatest gourmets," he reminded me, "are often people incapable of cooking. The only important thing is to know what the result should be. I am a jeweller, but not having been raised in that profession, I only design the jewels; then I work with my craftsmen until the result is as I want it. One must have (Continued on next page)

JEAN
SCHLUMBERGER
A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD
BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Jean Schlumberger is designing jewellery—jewels that are not just so much ice, but inventions, surprises, works of art. "These belong to the unlimited universe of metamorphosis," the Louvre's Curator of Paintings wrote about Schlumberger's jewels, which seem to breathe, quiver, grow: a clip takes the shape of a unicorn, of an antelope eating leaves, of a nodding fuchsia. A bracelet drips diamond dew. As a young man, Schlumberger sidestepped the textile business of his Alsatian father to make his name in Paris designing costume jewellery for Schiaparelli. Then he began putting life into the real thing. Although others have done it since, he was the first. "Modern jewellery has become flat," he said and gave it new dimension, breaking rules, mixing semi-precious and precious stones. In New York since World War II (during the war he fought with the Free French), Schlumberger has had his due, both as artist—in 1961 the Wildenstein gallery in New York held a superb retrospective exhibition of his work—and as a businessman: he is a vice-president of Tiffany's. Left, *Jean Schlumberger shown in the dining room of his New York house, a man of humour, handsome, always on the brink of a smile.*

BRUCE DAVIDSON

the same rapport with one's cook."

I asked him if his craft affected the appearance of his food. "Not exactly," he said, "but I am careful. I think a dish should be as appetizing and as pretty as possible. This is one of the corollaries of good cooking. One can not make a dinner in twenty minutes. However simple, just a steak and salad, asparagus to start, it takes at least an hour and a quarter, if one wants to do things properly; if one chops the *fines herbes*, and the shallots. . . . I don't need lobster slices and truffles to decorate a platter.

"I like recipes to be *humaine*. For example, fried potatoes. After they have been well drained, I put them with salt and pepper in the paper French bread comes wrapped in. I shake them well and serve them. They look attractive; they stay hot."

"What do you hate?" I asked him.

"I hate tripe, calves' heads," he said. "Still, I have just finished making a trip around the world and, without too much disgust, I have eaten extravagant, unimaginable things—wasp larvae and dragonflies in Bali, snakes and iguanas in Laos, jellyfish in a Chinese restaurant in Bangkok."

I wondered how one eats wasp. "The natives remove the larvae and separate the males from the females," said Schlumberger. "They are served on separate plates and resemble big beans. You spear them with a little stick and dip them in a very strong sauce. The wasps are fried, and reminded me of zucchini. With that we had a soup of crushed dragonflies, and the drink was rice alcohol fortified with the blood of ants. No, I am not making fun of you. I was very sick after all of this, but it was I who ordered this meal because I was told these were the finest dishes of Bali.

"I have also eaten a sea slug—that is a long, black, soft creature; I could not tell you what it tastes like. It was rather good, at the same time quite disgusting. It looks a bit like a chocolate soufflé. I often amuse myself by asking people: 'What is the most frightful thing you have ever eaten?' I myself have never tried monkey or dog. Iguana, which is quite good, bothered me because I had the paw in my plate; there were the nails and all of that. . . ."

"You make me hungry!" I said. "At any rate you know the subject."

"I prepared myself for this conversation," he said, "I went last night to see *The Odd Couple*, which is the story of two men who are separated from their wives and set up housekeeping together. One of them likes to cook, but cooks abominably; everything is burnt. That amused me when I knew that the next day I would be interviewed for 'A Second Fame: Good Food.' "

Here, three recipes from Jean Schlumberger:

Pigeons Crapaudine

2 pigeons
2 tablespoons salad oil or butter
Salt and pepper
For the sauce:
3 tablespoons salad oil
1 tablespoon wine vinegar, lemon juice, or fresh green grape juice
Salt and pepper

Slice the birds along the back and open them like a butterfly without cutting in two. Flatten them slightly (they can be held in shape with two crossed skewers). Rub them with oil or butter and put under the grill. When one side is done, turn. Add salt and pepper and cook the other side. Make a sauce with oil, green grape juice (or vinegar or lemon juice), salt, pepper, and sprinkle the pigeons before serving. (This can also be done with baby chickens.)

Cold Fish With Fennel or Dill

1 striped bass
1 bunch of dry fennel or dry dill
⅓ cup olive oil
2 teaspoons crumbled thyme
Salt and pepper
Bunch of fresh thyme, parsley, tarragon, fennel
Mayonnaise
Vinaigrette:
⅓ cup olive oil
2 teaspoons wine vinegar
Salt and pepper

Clean the fish. Put salt, pepper, and fennel or dill inside the fish. Make three cuts in the skin along the back. Rub with olive oil, dust with thyme, and put in a hot oven for 8 to 10 minutes on each side. While the fish is cooling, baste it with vinaigrette. To do this, use a little brush made of herbs: thyme, parsley, tarragon, fennel. Then chop up herbs. Serve fish cold with a mayonnaise to which the chopped herbs have been added.

Poulet Bongard

1 chicken
⅓ cup peanut oil
1 teaspoon crumbled thyme
½ bar butter (⅛ of a pound)
3 dashes wine vinegar
½ lemon
Salt and pepper

Quarter the chicken. Put the oil in a pan over a hot fire. When the oil is hot, throw in the chicken pieces and dust with thyme. Turn them over each minute for 7 minutes, then lower the fire. Add the butter, salt, freshly ground pepper. Cover the pan and simmer for 20 minutes to ½ hour. Just before serving, sprinkle with 3 dashes vinegar, and squeeze half a lemon on the dish.

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FIRST PRIZE: A year on Vogue magazine as a Junior Editor, plus a trip to Paris with Vogue Editors covering the Paris Collections.

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Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris competition was announced in the August 1 issue. The First Quiz and Rules are repeated here.

FIRST QUIZ

Answer TWO of the three questions in this section:

1. Name specific fashion trends which began with girls your age, in or out of college. In general, do you believe that girls of sixteen to twenty start or follow fashion trends? Explain. *(400 words or less)*

2. Imagine that you are a fashion copywriter for the editorial pages of Vogue. Suggest several alternate words or phrases for each of the following: "Bargains in Chic," "The Young Chicerino," "Accessories," "Shop Hound," and "Fashions in Living."

3. Select five advertisements from the August 1 issue of Vogue (if you don't have a copy, check your library) and tell why, in your opinion, each of the advertisers chose to appear in Vogue. *(300 words or less)*

Answer BOTH questions in this section:

1. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera, naming—if you think it relevant—specific products. *(500 words or less)*

2. Decide on a person whom you consider a good possibility for a photograph in Vogue's "People Are Talking About . . ." feature. Write accompanying text for the photograph. *(300 words or less)*

Answers to this quiz are due November 1, 1965 and should be mailed to:

Prix de Paris Director
VOGUE, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

NAME_____
(please print)

COLLEGE_____ WHAT DEGREE_____

COLLEGE ADDRESS_____
city state

ZIP CODE_____ MONTH AND YEAR OF GRADUATION_____

HOME ADDRESS_____
street city

STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

VOGUE PRIX DE PARIS RULES

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1965-1966 and must receive the B.A. degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on this page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 22, 1965.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 25th Prix de Paris competition consists of two quizzes to be answered by all contestants, and a 1,500-word thesis which those who pass the two quizzes will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by January 24, 1966.

6. Each quiz will require answers to four questions, some based on fashion and beauty, others based on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The First Quiz appears at left; answers are due November 1, 1965. The Second Quiz will be published in the November 15, 1965 issue; answers are due January 10, 1966. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the February 1, 1966 issue; thesis will be due March 1, 1966. Although the questions in the quizzes are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject matter, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name and college, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting the winners. Winners of Vogue's 25th Prix de Paris will be notified by May 12, 1966.



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Iran

(Continued from page 137)

style music hall, with belly dancers and food? All these make for diversion.

So does the exotic merchandise and the almost sacred ritual of bargaining. *Anything* can be bought in Teheran is the boast. But I was equally enthralled by the unobtainable. Both the Crown Jewels and the Peacock Throne are a raree-show beyond description. Another astonishing spectacle—the Zurkhaneh, or House of Strength, where, in a circular pit brilliant with *eyneh-khari's* thousand sparkling eyes, athletes in embroidered leather breeches perform stupendous feats, chanting age-old prayers in a mystic-muscular exaltation of patriotism.

Yet another, equally remarkable spectacle, typically Iranian: fine carpets and rugs flung down in a main thoroughfare to be flattened—"softened"—by traffic grinding over them. When I shuddered, experts reminded me that nothing, nothing is worse for Oriental rugs than vacuum cleaners and chemical restoratives. Rugs play a large part in Iranian life, being used in houses and gardens, as wall decorations and upholstery, for warmth, and shade, too, as tenting.

As much as anything, perhaps, Teheran charms by its setting, ringed with mountains, and the lovely nearness of wild country. The mountains beckon beyond each brick vista. Crouched on the horizon like tawny lions, they shelter in winter, cool in summer. Lions are the national emblem. Brandishing curved swords, rising suns tucked into their manes, they adorn governmental buildings or teapots alike, and are to be seen, frivolously wreathed, on the chintzy tiled façade of the last city gate left standing.

Alas! A flush of rebuilding and little or no town planning swept away much that was picturesque and typical, now to be increasingly mourned in the face of meaningless blocks of cement. Dr. Shadman, the distinguished archaeologist and historian, sounded a note of warning when he spoke against a purely *superficial* imitation of European (and American?) civilization in these words—"We have to adopt only what is compatible with *our own* civilization."

This civilization, or culture, that of an ancient race, is traced variously. First, in the faces, mobile, witty faces everywhere; humour and intelligence light the humblest countenance. Impossible to be bored among such people. Then, bone structure, the fine-boned hands, or the grace with which a woman of the people manoeuvres the enveloping dark muslin of her *chaddor*, at once coquettish and aloof.

Their age-old culture sounds in the cadence of a song; is found in the typical menu of any popular restaurant, where *chelow kebab*, broiled lamb and ethereal rice, tells of finesse. Or in the delicate little glasses of tea served at any wayside café, or *chai-khaneh*, perhaps with a rose alongside, certainly with a flowery phrase. Above all, in toleration. Oddly, in a country where religious fanaticism persists and the gloomy revels of Muharram are revived yearly, many minorities, Jewish, Orthodox, Christian, and Zoroastrian, flourish.

The social climate is yet another revealing aspect of Iranian civilization: it is *raffiné*, nicely balanced between East and West; conversation is widely ranged, up-to-the-minute, and attuned to the West; but curiosity of the liveliest kind remains Eastern and makes everybody and everything of vital interest. The Iranian is never boring, never blasé. High endeavour is now à la mode among the ardent younger people; Eastern traditions of contemplation and fatalism still absorb many of the older. In the capital a kind of tinkling frivolity echoes a more dissipate past.

And in the provinces and the static milieu of the bazaar folk, the institution of *mut'a* remains, to dispel possible ennui, without the responsibilities of marriage, or the added complications of the four wives allowed by Koran. *Mut'a* is the temporary but legal marriage, which can be contracted for a day, a week, a year, for any stipulated time, and which automatically ceases when the time is up, thus avoiding the expense of divorce.

But children born of such a union are safeguarded, being accorded the same rights as those born in more permanent circumstances. This practical, if cynical, arrangement speaks of a highly sophisticated race.

Great style and pace is imported by a young vigorous Court and Government, which I had some chance to observe in the concentration of Foreign Office receptions and the Ceremony of the Salaam at the Golestan, or Rose Garden Palace, on the occasion of the Shah's birthday. The rare privilege of being present, as a woman and a foreigner, I owe to the comprehension of the Shah, who not only accorded me several audiences, but smoothed Vogue's journalistic path throughout his country.

The Salaam is a traditional, all-male ceremony in which representatives of different branches of Government, public institutions, and the Diplomatic Corps are received by the Shah with much pomp and circumstance. Orders and decorations, gold lace, the clanking of swords and spurs, rifle butts crashing in salute, the pale-blue pennons and silver helmets of the Imperial Guard lining the glittering stairway.

Glitter everywhere, flashing from myriad prisms, chandeliers, fountains, and a shining brass band firmly planted in a bed of begonias beneath the palace windows, rendering Luigini's *Ballet Egyptien* with considerable brio. Above all, light, irradiating symbolically from the gold, jewel-studded Peacock Throne. (It is from this throne, and in this hall, that the Shah will be crowned, probably in 1966.)

Among such brilliance, a sombre note: the dark robes of the mullahs, Moslem priests, gathered here to felicitate the Shahanshah. Once all-powerful, they still wield temporal as well as spiritual power, and some remote areas—how remote no one knows who has not travelled across Iran—are still in the stranglehold of the more reactionary priests. Significant of their traditional power, they are the first to be received by the Shah and they may remain seated in his presence.

Another sombre, or sober

note is struck by the Shah himself. Again and again throughout the five-hour Salaam, he seems to sweep aside the conventional phrases, to sound a grave yet urgent note, a call to battle, *for progress*. Mohammed Reza Shah learned his métier in a hard school and it is evident he cares passionately for his work. I watched him stalk through the lines of bowing ministers: aloof, alert; his bearing is proud, but not arrogant.

He is Shahanshah, King of Kings, ruler and leader. He replies to each group thoughtfully, pausing to weigh his words, which are off the cuff—but it is the gold-laced cuff of Majesty. And always, he hammers home the same message: we must go further. His intent face only softens when he receives those few women, parliamentary deputies, judges, or professors, who represent their newly-won enfranchisement, something of particular pride to the Shah.

One third of all University students are now women, and the revolutionary measures of this enfranchisement and the agrarian reforms (whereby the big estates were broken up and distributed among the people) were led by the Shah, who made over many of his own vast holdings.

"See!" said a peasant near Veramin, offering me a fluffy bouquet from his cotton fields, "All this crop is mine now. The Shah gave it to me. I was poor, but now I am rich." Iranians are an intensely democratic people. He saw this acquisition as a *personal* gift from the Shah, man to man. Parliamentary reforms were nothing to him.

The Shabanou, Farah, has given a correspondingly *personal* lead to her countrywomen by going against all Palace protocol and tradition to give birth to her first child, the Crown Prince Reza, in a free maternity hospital for the poorest of Teheran.

Today, four years later, a marble plaque marks the simple room she occupied, and the hospital, which only possesses two hundred beds, delivers one hundred and fifty women daily and is stormed by crowds of others clamouring for treatment. Thus the battle against prejudice is waged.

Both the Shabanou and her sister-in-law, the Princess Ashraf, described to me the struggle to introduce elementary hygiene in the villages. Even Care packages are mistrusted, or refused. Better to let the needy children go without powdered milk than risk pollution at the hands of the foreign infidels, say the reactionary forces, and the villagers acquiesce.

The extreme good looks and elegance of the Royal Family bestow a festive air to the good works which they promote. Princess Ashraf, the Shah's twin sister, is passionately involved in the question of women's emancipation, still a very revolutionary measure. Princess Shams, as passionately, leans more toward promoting the arts, and is herself a fine musician. Her husband, Dr. Pahleboud, as Director of Fine Arts, exercises a galvanic influence on every aspect of cultural development, while the entire Royal Family is passionate in its love of animals and determination to obtain better conditions for them everywhere, in happy contrast to so much of the East, where the animals' lot is usually terrible.

When we photographed the Imperial couple and their children, I asked His Majesty that the sitting, which was to be entirely informal, should not be in the Summer Palace, nor in the fabled frame of the Golestan, nor even in their private palace in Teheran, but in the Diamond Room of the Marble Palace, generally used for more stately occasions; here *eyneh-khari* decoration reaches its apogee, and it was like placing them in the very heart of the diamond kingdom. But not formally: the little Crown Prince Reza, fêting his fourth birthday, and his sister, the baby Princess Farahnaz, saw to that.

If their setting was diamonds, they were quicksilver. They spun around the room like tops, laughing at their myriad reflections. Yet, half an hour later, I watched these babies sitting like effigies, beside their parents, on a dais at the official ceremony. Already, it was plain the Crown Prince sensed his obligations. He sat on a very large chair, his white-socked legs stuck straight out, his enormous dark eyes intent, the weight of his destiny already upon him.

Perhaps no royal child today has quite such a heritage. Two thousand five hundred years of monarchy lie behind the Peacock Throne he will one day ascend to rule a country first made glorious by Darius the Great from the splendours of his palace at Persepolis.

Persepolis! The awesome ruins rise from a tawny plain, ringed by baked, tawny rocks, and seem to gather silence around them. Impossible to chatter here. Even the most unarchaeologically minded are silenced by the Archaemenian glories. At dusk a firefly line of headlights tells of departing tourists, and the ruins are deserted. Nearby, a nomad encampment stirs to life. Women fetch water from the stream; camels stand sneering and groaning beside the black tents, while the children dart under their mangy bellies.

In the firelight the young men prance and slash at each other in the curious ritual of the stick dance. The muezzin sounds tinnily from a transistor radio in the *chai-khaneh* where they serve little glasses of tea—those glasses which go to make up the ten million served daily in Iran. And so Persepolis quiets to its silent night.

But thirty miles across the plain lies Shiraz, a morning city, all birdsong; roses, and the poetic aura of Hafiz and Saadi, who are buried here in gardens which do not belie their legend. Hafiz has remained, throughout the centuries, not only the immortal poet, known to every Persian whether literate or illiterate, but also a mystical force to be consulted for divination. It is claimed that by opening the pages at random, in the manner some people consult the Bible, an answer to any particular problem will be found within. This is known as the *fa'l* and held to be infallible.

In Shiraz, the atmosphere is essentially that of a small, prosperous market or cathedral town, but it is the old houses and their gardens for which the city is justly famed. Such houses are the quintessence of elegant

(Continued on page 146)



(Continued from page 145)

civilized living; set behind high walls, they achieve peace, privacy, and selective luxury. So, too, do the booths in the bazaar, curtained, carpeted, and cushioned; with holy prints, mirrors, and samovars to embellish them, they are at once shops, homes, and grandstands from which to watch life going by—or, curtains drawn, a retreat.

I have lived all over the world, among many races; and although I remain faithful to my first love—the Balkans—I now begin to think with longing of settling in some small garden-enclosed house where there are roses, nightingales, and politesse. These are still to be found in Iran.

THE IRANIAN CROWN JEWELS

In the East, precious stones are loved sensuously, with an emotion which has little connection with their value, either as gems or adornment. I recall a Turkish merchant of the Great Bazaar in Istanbul who kept an enormous sapphire loose in his pocket, fondling it, bringing it out for an airing at mealtimes, and generally treating it as a pet.

The Persian monarch Nasr-ed-Din Shah kept the fabulous diamond known as the Darya-i-noor, or Sea of Light, in his pocket as a talisman, and was often seen to clutch at it, whisper to it, even, when ailing, for he believed in its revitalizing powers. This particular stone is held to have been in the crown of Cyrus the Great, who died in 529 B.C.

Today it is to be seen among the Crown Jewels in Teheran: it is the size and shape of a large decanter stopper, and weighs 182 carats; its only possible rival: the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light. For stones such as these, with their long history of adoration, drama, and splendour, it must be a lonely anticlimax now, imprisoned in showcases.

But in Teheran, an altogether different approach is evident, for here all Iranians, even the simplest peasants or wildest tribesmen up for a day in the city, stand before the jewels as if holding mystic communion. These Crown Jewels are only one third of the total Imperial treasure which is now treated as a national gold reserve, security for Government obligations and backing for the currency.

There are 3,000 classified pieces. One section is set aside for the use of the Shabanou, Farah, and the other ladies of the Royal Family; even so, they remain State property and permission to wear them must be granted by the State, upon application.

Only forty years ago the whole Crown collection was jumbled in dusty confusion, crammed into cardboard boxes, dumped in Palace cellars, or left lying about among the cushioned disorder of the royal *anderun* or harem. Diadems, gifts from other sovereigns, a gigantic, fist-sized snuffbox chunked from a solid emerald, diamond-dripping epaulets unpicked from some discarded uniform, a parasol with diamond-studded spokes wrenched, perhaps, from the hand of some disgraced favourite . . . every shape and variation of priceless fantasy were flung together in lumber-room disorder.

But in 1925 all was changed by the present Shah's father, Reza the Great. This extraordinary figure, who transformed old Persia into new Iran, began as a private in a Persian Cossack regiment, became the country's iron man, and was at last crowned Shahanshah, ascending the Nadir throne which is now centrepiece of the Crown Jewel display, its gold and enamelled surface blistered with jewels.

It was only in 1960 that all the imperial treasures were amassed and catalogued and displayed as we see them today. The French firm of Boucheron was employed to reorganize and present the jewels, a work which occupied six experts well over a year. But although they are catalogued, no one can truly appraise their value, which is said to be beyond calculation.

The manner in which they are displayed is preeminently dramatic. The long, low, dim hall glows softly with its red-velvet-lined showcases, each spotlit, sparking fire, darting prisms of colour. Viewers are not hindered by bars or distance, they can hang over the showcases in lover-like abandon, breathe on the glass, one with—or almost one with—the object of their desire.

At two-thirty precisely a hush falls on the foyer, as an abstracted-looking, black-coated official arrives and starts fiddling with the combination lock of a gigantic steel-barred, electrically controlled outer door to the vault. Only three men know the combination. A lot of ritualistic twiddling follows and the hush deepens. Two high officials of the Bank and Government must always be in attendance when the doors are opened.

The cumulative tension is that of the theatre, and when at last the massive door swings back, the curtain rises, and we peer in to the scene. However banal the illusion, we think of Aladdin and Ali Baba's cave. I have seen the great Russian jewels in the Kremlin, which suffered by being shown in the cold light of day, as did the Sultanate treasures in the Seraglio.

I have seen the Court of St. James's and Moghul magnificence shimmering under an Indian sun, but nothing can compare to this Iranian splendour.

Although some of the jewels are attributed to Sassanian rulers of fifteen centuries ago when jewelled carpets were much used, the only reliable documentation dates from the sixteenth century, when Shah Abbas held court at Isfahan.

But with the decay of the Safavid dynasty, Afghan invaders seized power and looted the jewels, which were presently to be found adorning the Moghul court at Delhi. In 1739, Nadir Shah the Persian, the last great Asiatic conqueror, marched on India, some say expressly to retrieve the long-lost jewels. This he did, and adding to the vast quantities of Moghul treasures, including the Peacock Throne of legend and nine others, returned in triumph to Iran.

Nearly a hundred years later, with a century more of acquisition, the jewel collection reached its apogee with Fath Ali Shah of the Kajar dynasty, celebrated not only for his awe-inspiring appearance, his dense black beard, the longest in the kingdom, his sixty-eight sons, and countless favourites (for one of whom, Tavous Khanum, or Lady Peacock, he commanded yet another Peacock Throne).

In a frenzy of possession, he caused his name to be engraved on the Darya-i-noor, thus reducing its value considerably. This same ruler also designed the high tiara-like crown known as the Kiyani, one of the three imperial crowns to be seen in the vaults.

The Pahlevi Crown, the latest imperial crown, was made for Reza the Great by Iranian goldsmiths under the guidance of Seraj-ed-din, the celebrated Caucasian goldsmith who emigrated to Iran during the Russian Revolution.

Then there is the historic Regalia—massive gold belts, bracelets of state, the *bazubands*, worn traditionally on the upper arms; the *jeqeh*, or jewelled turban plume, which once belonged to Nadir Shah, hung with five splendid emerald drops, which is always worn by the reigning monarch; sceptre, orb, sword of state—all flaming with jewels. Nadir Shah's sword—"the all-conquering sword"—has a scabbard literally paved with gems. Here, jewels are by the bushel.

But all of this fades into insignificance beside the almost monstrous splendour of the Terrestrial Globe. This conceit—folly, if you prefer—exceeds all imagination. A large solid-gold frame, such as used to be seen in old-fashioned libraries, standing about three feet high, encircles a globe on which the world is entirely mapped in precious stones—51,000 of them.

Nasr-ed-Din Shah conceived this piece of flamboyance in 1868, some say, to preserve the best of loose stones which lay about in great disorder. But I prefer my own theory that nothing less than emerald seas and ruby continents, turquoise capitals, and a diamond equator was needed to get the little princes through their geography lessons.

Age-Postponement

a doctor speaks

(Continued from page 64)

like a polyp. So it alerts her doctor to that type of thing. Which is good, of course.

What is the youngest age group to which hormone therapy, in the postponement-of-aging concept, applies?

Possibly some younger women may need it—that would be in the case where the body is making estrogen, but is not utilizing it. I think there's not much proof for that. The question is whether there are some grown women who are still menstruating, who are making hormones, but are not, perhaps, utilizing them correctly, and therefore need more: there are some endocrinologists who believe this. I know one group—one doctor in particular—who gives tremendous amounts to some people. I saw a woman here the other day to whom he was giving 10 milligrams a day of estrone sulfate. Now 2½ milligrams is usually an adequate dose. I've seen many of his patients on such large doses—he believes they're not utilizing the small doses. Although his concepts are not adhered to by most doctors (there are very few doctors in fact who would adhere to them), he feels he has the proof of the pudding, if there is such, in the way the patients feel, the way they have come out of depressions and so many other things. It is pretty hard to prove, though, that it isn't just this man's great ability to allay fears. It isn't always entirely what the physician *knows* that gets the patient well; it's what the patient *thinks* the physician knows that gets her well. There's no doubt about that. There's something that goes on there that is more potent than the drug you're taking. I can remember when we first had penicillin. We used to carry 20,000 units around on a tray, and give these to the patients three or four times a day—and they used to get just as well on this as they get today on a million units. . . .

Dr. Ludwik Gross, up at Veterans' Hospital, said something that impressed me deeply. Now here's a man—after twenty-five years of cancer research—a man who doesn't want in *any* way to make a statement just for the sake of making a statement; he's really deeply interested in trying to help solve this problem of cancer. He has his cancer-prone animals and he's tried many things on them. He says that in this cancer-prone strain of mice, *many* things will precipitate the disease. X-ray therapy will. Overweight will. And excessive doses of hormones will. And then he switched, and made a statement to this effect: "In human beings, I'm sure that many, many cases of cancer have been precipitated by emotional stress. These people perhaps had in them the viral implant that had been there all their lives, but which was kept in check by their own body juices, but under some stress that was overwhelming, this repository of inciters was given a chance to take over." I've spoken to several people in blood cancer since then about this thing. Many are of the opinion that leukemia may be precipitated by emotional stress. To be in such a viewing post . . . to be able to come to such a conclusion! That sort of thing in print sounds like tommyrot; it's pretty hard to get over in many people's minds. This whole concept is going on in much of our thinking, though.

To get back to hormone therapy, how soon does a patient feel results when she is first given hormones?

It's very hard to interpret the results you have. But the drug's results on a woman in menopause are rapidly felt within a few days. Flushes will disappear. Perspiration which is very excessive will disappear. There's no question about that. Then when they *get* the hormone, they're immediately relieved. But in the woman who is past all the uncomfortable phases of menopause—who is described as being *post* menopausal—and is given the drug: to measure what it's doing to her is much more difficult, because for the most part, she feels well already. Supposing I say, when you come in to see me, that if you take these pills, you're going to stay younger? It's a very powerful statement. That statement can have influence on a person's psyche for a long, long time. And it can even get you over the valleys that we normally *all* have.

(Continued on page 148)

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 124-125; other views, yardages, details)



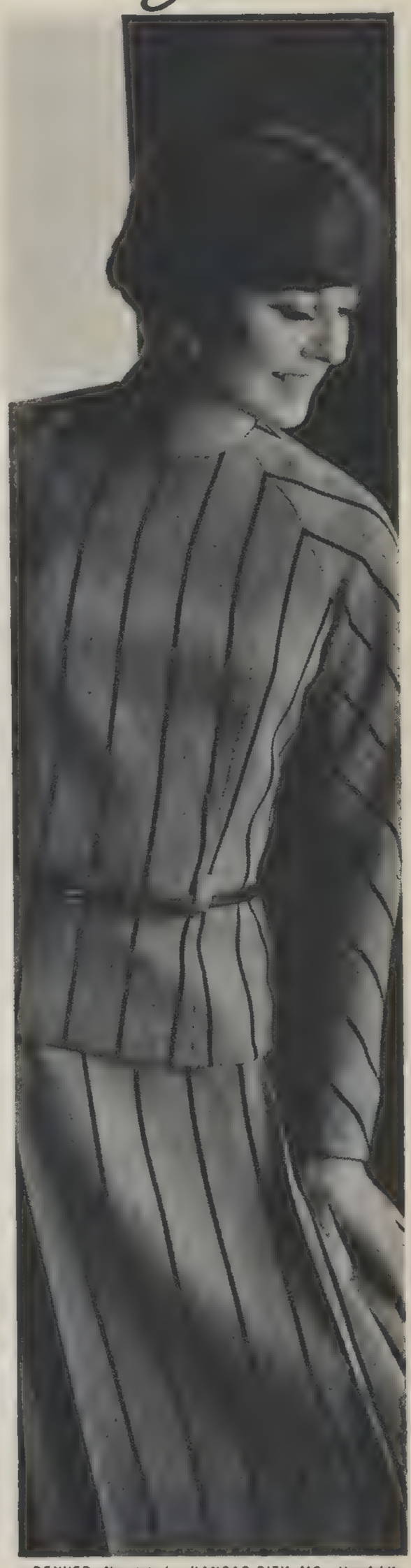
Smallest suit, Vogue Pattern 6600. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 suit requires 2½ yards of 54″ fabric without nap; blouse, 2⅛ yards of 35″ fabric without nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

Wraparound dress, jacket—four-button double-breasted (six shown). Vogue Paris Original Model 1484. 10-18. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $3.50. Canada, $3.85.

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The new California clothes

Warm autumn colours and the new wide hems



Right: Bronze wool jersey coat-dress with long narrow sleeves. buttons from neck to hem. It's close to the body above two deep, welted pleats. By Travilla. Goldwaters. Jeanne bracelets. The hood by Lilly Daché. All gloves by Wear-Right.



Left: Yellow rope-tweed suit with a single-breasted jacket opened over its rust-coloured jersey blouse. The skirt has a single deep flap pleat in front. By Campioni-Bert Geiger, of wool. At Saks Fifth; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Ben-King watch. Velours hood by Adolfo.

Age-Postponement

(Continued from page 147)

So to measure what the pill is going to do to that person is going to take a long period of observation.

What would you consider a long period of observation and what would such observation involve?

Dr. Randall in Buffalo has said that the only way this should be done is to take x number of women—we'll say 500 to 2,000—and have them followed by many specialists. These women should be followed by a gynecologist. They should have a cardiologist put all the parameters of study on them; there should be cardiograms; there should be X rays of the patients' bones and joints. All the things that we know how to measure today should be measured—and then see what happens to them. Measurements and examinations should be made every six months. And these women should be followed for perhaps twenty years. It's a multi-million-dollar project, but this really should be done. A research grant for this is long overdue.

And along with all that, you need steroid chemists trying to get a technique of assay other than the vaginal smear. Certainly, some of the most important work that needs to be done is in finding some *better* technique for measuring what the body has and is utilizing, rather than going by the vaginal smear. I personally do not believe this subject is ever going to be settled until some such technique is established. We must have some test like a blood test, which analyzes blood taken right from your fingertip, or some such thing. When that can be done with hormone levels, we'll be much closer to the truth. We'll be able to measure what is there, how it's being utilized, and things of that sort. I asked a great New York endocrinologist why we shouldn't get to this. He said that it would take a dozen steroid chemists many years to accomplish this. Besides, there are so many exciting parts of steroid chemistry that doing this work is comparatively dull for a steroid chemist; it's almost like a menial duty, digging it out, and there are more dazzling things to occupy the relatively few steroid chemists, so nobody wants to get into it. There are some techniques of measure apart from the vaginal smear. There's the urine assay test—Brown from England, now living in Australia, developed these techniques. But they're clumsy tests—cumbersome. And, after all, urine is an excretion—you don't know what's *in* the body at the time.

It can be, though, that something's going to be done, because the Swedes are working on a plasma method. A lot of research is done in Sweden which is U.S.-approved, N.I.H.-approved. They have the techniques of gas chromotography comparable to those used for male hormone assay. But such a technique will need considerable clarification and simplification before it can be applied in the ordinary doctor's office. I think it's a must, really, the measurement of what a hormone is doing in a given body. It would be very important to know why one woman at seventy is gay and happy—and apparently has plenty of hormones—while another doesn't. The gay, happy older woman is getting some from her own adrenal glands. But what is she getting from her glands that enables her to get along—while another person doesn't function that way, and isn't getting along? Of course, it isn't hormones only; there are many, many other factors. But you do need a good technique of assay of what she's doing with her own estrogens and androgens which are somehow being converted from testosterone into female hormones (which again complicates the picture, because this drug switches from male hormone back to female hormone and then back to male hormone, at least as far as utilization is concerned). Hormone assays are very expensive processes. This project should be done, though. I think the Government agencies should be working on it. I think the City of New York should have a large estrogen laboratory with a battery of people working, where all the hospitals could benefit by what is being learned

there. . . . New York City should do this—perhaps more than any other city, because we have more medical schools than any other city, we have more medical centres, we have more large hospitals than any other city. And of course we have a large reading public here. . . . I get asked questions by women who read the popular magazines. That's where they're getting the information now. I was asked a question today by a woman of fifty who hadn't menstruated in four or five years. She asked, "Should I be taking these hormones?" I said, "Well, I think so." She said, "Well, won't they cause cancer?" I said, "Well, if I thought so, I wouldn't give them to you." "Well," she said, "then give them to me." That's only because she happened to have faith in her doctor. . . . We should have a large estrogen lab in this city working out some of these answers.

What is the specific action of a hormonal drug that postpones aging?

Certainly one thing estrogen does in the way of preventing aging is: it prevents atrophy in the genital organs—there's no question in anybody's mind about this. Local skin of the vaginal introitus, of the vaginal mucosa, of the cervix—all that sort of thing. It will do so much to restore these organs to a normal function. In a woman who hasn't had a baby, the vagina often shrinks up postmenopausal. This woman can't have intercourse at all—while with just the local addition of these drugs, the tissues return to a more normal status. One of the most exciting things, which has just broken in, is *how* this drug accomplishes its actions on the tissues of the genital organs. It has something to do with cell metabolism and protein metabolism. And one of the most exciting things of *all* is the thought that in the very vital process of cell metabolism in which RNA synthesis occurs estrogen is an important part of the synthesis. Work on this was done by Sheldon Segal of the Population Council Laboratories at Rockefeller Institute. He took a rat, which has two

(Continued on page 150)

The new California clothes

The yoked smock, tape-tied



Narrow smock in cranberry-and-black shadow-checked wool, with a soft round collar, shirt-sleeves to the wristbone. The rest falls from a yoke above the bosom. Tiny gathers make it an easy drop to a tape of black leather settled on the hipbones. By Zoltan. About $100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. The coiffure, by Taula, of the House of Revlon.



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Age-Postponement

a doctor speaks

(Continued from page 149)

uteri; put little pipes down the back of each uterus, so that estrogen could be squirted down there into one uterus and not the other. The RNA levels—which are that part of the cell which is really the life centre of it—could only be rejuvenated in those cells which are peculiar to the genital organs by the introduction of estrogen. Nothing else. It may come out that estrogen is a very important part, really, of the life process itself. So then the question naturally comes up that if this is true for the genital organs, is it also true for other types of cell metabolism?

How would you summarize, briefly, your own point of view about hormones at this moment in time?

There are many factors to aging other than just hormones. Some women simply have longevity and great vitality. But for the others, there is so much evidence that estrogen retards the aging process—proven things such as bone, muscle, skin, joints, cholesterol level—that doctors will give it. No one should take hormones on her own. No one should take hormones without supervision. And everyone who takes them should be checked every six months by a gynecologist or competent doctor.

One then gets into the question of what type of dosage one should give to women for the prevention of aging after all ovarian activity has ceased. Should it be given in small dosages; doses that would make a woman have menstrual-like bleeding; or in even larger doses? And that again is not going to be truly answered until you have a better technique for measurement.... Next question: if a woman ought to shed the uterine lining, how often need she shed it? My answer is: cancer is a very slow-growing disease, and it seems to me that every six months is often enough to shed the lining. If it turns out that you have to shed it when you're—say—seventy, I think a woman might accept the idea of bleeding every six months.... We need much more data before this and all the other questions concerning the sex hormones are entirely cleared up.

The new clothes from California

For your convenience, we have listed below the names of shops across the country which have clothes based on the fashion ideas in this issue.

Atlanta, Ga. — Rich's	Memphis, Tenn. — Levy's
Baton Rouge, La. — Gus Mayer	Nashville, Tenn. — Gus Mayer
Beaumont, Texas — Gus Mayer	New Orleans, La. — Gus Mayer
Boise, Idaho — Carrolls	Oklahoma City, Okla. — Al Rosenthal's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa — The Killian Company	Phoenix, Ariz. — Goldwaters
Cleveland, Ohio — The Halle Bros. Co.	Portland, Ore. — I. Magnin
Denver, Colo. — Neusteters	Richmond, Va. — Miller & Rhoads
Detroit, Mich. — The J. L. Hudson Co.	Salt Lake City, Utah — Makoff
El Paso, Texas — Popular Dry Goods	San Angelo, Texas — Barnes & Co.
Eugene, Ore. — Kaufman Bros.	San Antonio, Texas — Frost Bros.
Grand Rapids, Mich. — Alice Jane Dows	San Francisco, Calif. — I. Magnin
Hazleton, Pa. — B. Levin	Savannah, Ga. — Fine's
Houston, Texas — Sakowitz	Seattle, Wash. — I. Magnin
Jackson, Miss. — Gus Mayer	Stockton, Calif. — The Brown House
Jacksonville, Fla. — Levy's	Tucson, Ariz. — Cele Peterson
Kansas City, Mo. — Harzfeld's	Tulsa, Okla. — Iverson's
Lincoln, Nebr. — Hovland-Swanson	Twin Falls, Idaho — Carrolls
Los Angeles, Calif. — I. Magnin	Washington, D. C. — Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Louisville, Ky. — H. P. Selman	Youngstown, Ohio — Chas. Livingston & Sons

VOGUE'S

Fashions with a nippy air—breezing into autumn



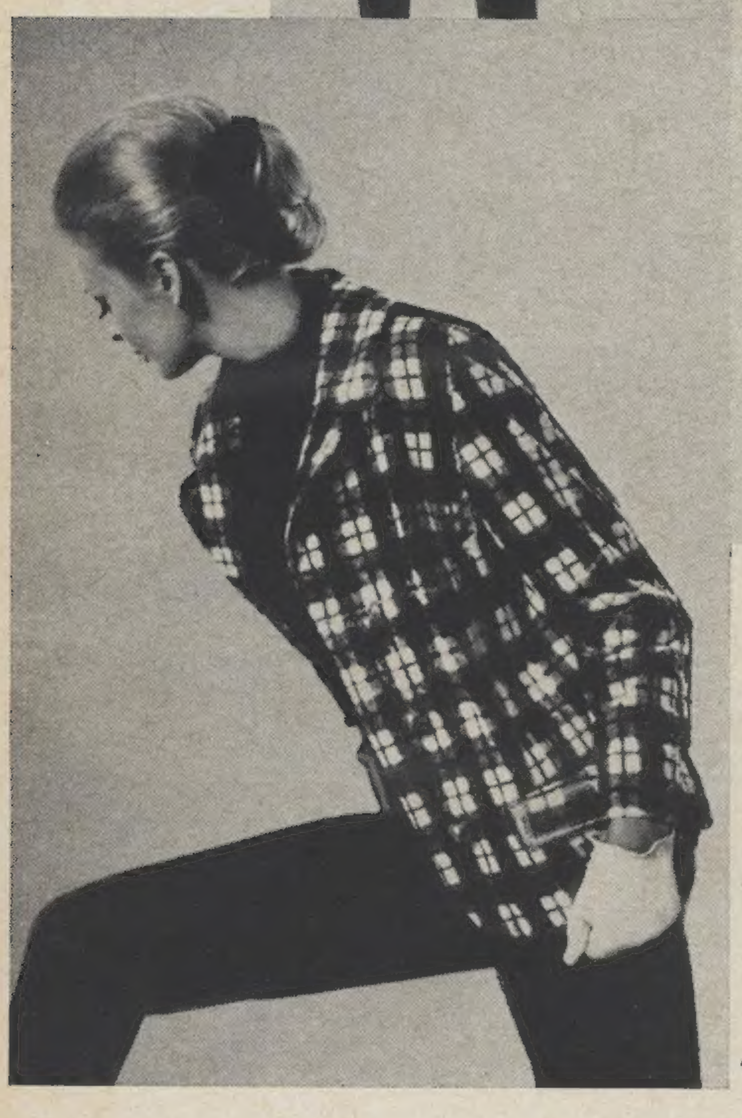
1 2 3 4 JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Zipped and hooded lynx (1) Coat like a stretched-out parka, zipped all the way, tied with a tape of leather. Dappled caramel-and-white natural Canadian lynx paws worked on the horizontal. $495. Harold Rubin, 1186 Third Avenue, New York 21. **Happy fur cap** (2) Beige Persian lamb for a snug little cap with a seven-dwarfs flip down the back. By Amrose Hats, $85. At Lord & Taylor, 424 Fifth Avenue, New York 22. **Crocodile envelope** (3) dashing around town. Madagascar crocodile folded into a deep square handbag flapped and latched in front. $355. Jacomo, 25 East 61st Street, New York 21. **Lime-coloured mohair** (4) hand-knitted into a narrow featherweight coat with sleeves tipping the wristbone, buttons running down the front. $595. Colours and sizes to order. Henry à la Pensée, Inc., 8 East 54th Street, New York 22.

SHOP HOUND



5





6

7

Suited up for rain (5) in a beige gabardine pants turnout, short coat with a quilted wool lining, leather buttons down the front. Made in Spain by Cortefiel. Jacket, $59.95. Pants, $20; at Abercrombie & Fitch, 360 Madison Avenue, New York 17. **Paisley knitting** (6) Two pieces of chiffon-weight worsted knitted up into bright beige and orange Paisley to slip on and wear from this minute on. $40. Sizes 6-16. Plymouth Shops, 1926 Broadway, New York 23. **The bold plaid rabbit** (7) dashingly black and white. Narrow, tailored rabbit fur jacket in a big brash plaid. Notched collar, long narrow sleeves—wonderful look with pants in the country. $175. 4-14. Marianne Spottiswoode, 33 East 68th St., N. Y. 21.

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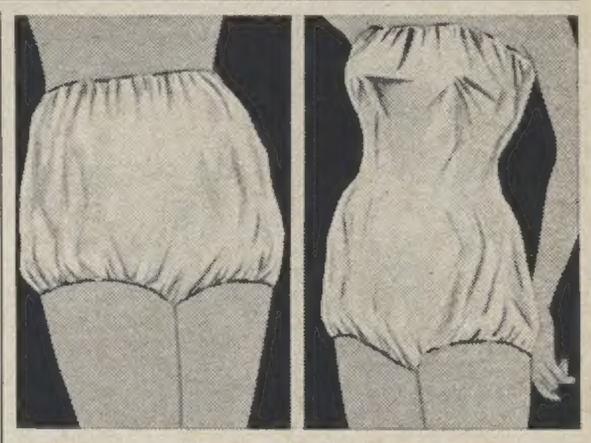
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Right: Warm-brown wool jersey dress with short sleeves, a high welted yoke. It skims easily to slanted pockets on the hips; a deep pleat swings out in front. Dress by Marjorie Montgomery; about $40. At Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Coiffure by Raymond of Aurelien Lintermans. Sally Gee scarf. Majorica earrings.



Left: Black-and-white hound's-teeth flashing two ways. The overblouse is shaped on the bias, hugs the body above a skirt of hound's-tooth checks cut on the straight, with two deep pleats flinging it wide. By De De Johnson, in Berroco wool; about $90. At Halle Bros.; Neusteters. Vendôme necklace. Gloves, this page, by Aris. Both hats: Adolfo.

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